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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Denmark has no direct political bearing. It is not intended to imply anything more than appears on the surface, or to be taken for anything else but what it is—an act of family friendship and affection. At the same time, it may, perhaps, be safely assumed that it would not have occurred just at the present moment, if the heir-apparent to the throne had not sympathised keenly with the misfortunes of the northern kingdom, and been anxious to take the first occasion of manifesting the feelings which he entertains in common with all Englishmen. The reception of the royal couple appears to have been one of the most friendly description, although the Danes must have felt keenly the contrast between their condition at the present moment, and at the time when they gave a wife to the future king of Great Britain. All the hopes of support, assistance, and protection which they—consciously or unconsciously—founded on this royal marriage, have been disappointed. They have had fresh proof of the wisdom of the advice, not to put trust in princes—and it says a good deal for their generosity and justice, that, notwithstanding all that has passed, they are still willing to receive with open arms one who is in a marked degree the representative of England, although it is pretty well known that he viewed with dislike and disapprobation the pusillanimous policy which has permitted the dismemberment of his wife's native country.

It seems certain that Austria and Prussia are bent upon showing that they can be as greedy and ungenerous in small things, as they have been rapacious and overbearing in larger ones. Everyone anticipated that the negotiations for the final treaty of peace between them and Denmark would soon conclude; for, after the concessions made by the latter Power, there seemed little or nothing to settle. There was, indeed, the question of the frontier, but that did not seem likely to give much trouble, since Denmark, after surrendering two provinces, would hardly care to dispute with her conquerors about a few miles, more or less, of a third. Then there was the question of the division of the national debt; but that, again, was a matter which we thought men of business might easily arrange in a few days. But it is palpable that the negotiations have not been unattended with difficulties, and we are told that these have come from the side of the two German Powers. They are understood to demand that Denmark shall give up in favour of the Duchies part of her fleet, part of the objects of art in her national museums, and part of the sum received for the abolition of the Sound dues. Of course it is perfectly plain what this means. Those who put forward these claims desire to compel Denmark to

assume the whole national debt of the old monarchy. In other words, Prussia wishes to receive the estate, which she hopes to annex, free of all charge. Comment is quite unnecessary upon the meanness and dishonesty of such a transaction. After what has occurred, it is perhaps as well that Earl Russell should not "meddle and muddle" any more in the business. But there is no similar reason why the Emperor of France should hold his tongue, and it is believed that he has instructed M. Druyn de Lhuys to express in very pointed terms his sense of the way in which the Germans are behaving to their victim. It is not improbable that the Czar of Russia, whose eldest son is about to be betrothed to the Princess Dagmar, may interfere in a similar sense, and that Denmark will be spared this last outrage and wrong. But the intentions of Austria and Prussia will not be forgotten, and the day may yet come when they will rue the precedent they have set with reference to the treatment of a fallen enemy.

In the meantime, these States are evidently far from being agreed upon their future policy. Austria is not averse to playing into the hands of Prussia, so far as regards the disposition of the Duchies, but then she desires a *quid pro quo*. One portion of the consideration is her admission to the Zollverein. Prussia, however, opposes this, for two reasons. In the first place, she has by means of this Customs League exercised a good deal of political influence over the smaller States—and this influence she is unwilling to share with her rival. But in the next place, the admission of Austria to the Zollverein is inconsistent with the execution of the Franco-Prussian treaty of commerce. That is a step—and no inconsiderable one—in the direction of free-trade; but the statesmen of Vienna still cling to protection in its grossest forms, and have no intention of abandoning it, even for the sake of entering the Zollverein. On the contrary, they would fain induce that body to accept their own obsolete policy, and apply to the whole of Germany the system which makes Austria, with the amplest capabilities, one of the poorest countries in Europe. Under these circumstances, we can very well understand that Herr von Bismarck hesitates to purchase the support of Austria for his Slesvig-Holstein policy at the price which is set upon it. He probably hopes that he will be able to dispense with it. Nor, so far as we can see, is that hope ill-founded. During the present provisional state of things, Prussia is the virtual master of the Duchies. Their inhabitants are beginning to feel that, except by union with Prussia, they have no chance of a settled Government. They will probably, ere long, be ready to vote by universal suffrage for annexation. And in that case, who will venture to oppose von Bismarck or his master, if they should listen to these very legitimate aspirations? We incline to

believe that the Prussian Prime Minister is right, and that in time, and with the same audacity he has hitherto displayed, he may obtain on his own terms the territory for which he longs.

We have received during the week, by telegram from Suez, the news of an important victory gained by our troops over the Maories. If it be true, as is stated, that the enemy lost 200 men, the numbers engaged on each side must have been considerable, and General Cameron must have found means to intercept the retreat of the natives, supposing that they pursued on this occasion their usual tactics. This victory comes opportunely, at the close of a not very successful campaign, to restore the prestige of the British arms, which was somewhat tarnished by our repulse at Tauranga. It will probably secure the colonists comparative quiet during the winter season, and may even convince some of the Maories that they have in the long-run no chance of resisting our power.

The *Times* has recently published an article upon our naval reserve, to which it is scarcely possible that too much public attention should be directed. It appears from the *Navy List* that there are at the present time in our harbours 269 sailing and steam-vessels, belonging to her Majesty's navy, of which at least 75 per cent. are entirely useless, in these days of iron-clads. It is, no doubt, mortifying to reflect upon the immense outlay which is represented by these vessels, amongst which are numbered so many splendid specimens of naval architecture. We can quite sympathise with old seamen, who do not like to confess that the day is gone by for the towering three-decker or the raking frigate. But it is, nevertheless, the fact that these vessels are now not only useless, but worse than useless. They occupy space in harbours which are already too small for the wants of our fleet; and it often happens that, in consequence of the space so occupied by them, ships on actual service are unable to obtain a berth in port, and are obliged—to take one case—to be repaired at Spithead, instead of inside Portsmouth harbour. Both the time and cost of such repairs are thus trebled; nor would this be all, in case of a naval war; for an important advantage would then accrue to the Power which could most rapidly refit its fleet after an engagement. Besides, these reserves are not kept up for nothing. It is estimated that a steam-frigate or line-of-battle ship lying idle costs from £300 to £400 a-year for such repairs as are simply adequate to keep her hull and machinery in decent repair. We do not mean to say that we can entirely dispense with wooden vessels; but, in all probability, none but light and fast-sailing frigates will be of use in any future war. Our heavy frigates, and still more our old-fashioned ships of the line, would be, as everyone admits, mere floating slaughter-houses. Under these circumstances, it would obviously be advantageous to get rid of these obsolete vessels by sale or breaking up. Their engines might then possibly be turned to account, whereas they are now as useless as the hulls in which they are fixed. We should save an immense yearly expense in repairs, and gain the harbour-room we require; and not only should we do this without the slightest sacrifice of real power, but we should derive from it an accession of effective strength in time of war.

The inauguration of Sir George Lewis's statue at Hereford, ought not to be passed over in silence. We cannot too often recall the departed statesman to our minds, for few in our time have possessed in so high a degree the character and the spirit which mark the highest type of politician. His abilities were of the highest order, and his industry was something prodigious. But, after all, he owed mainly to his character the influence which he possessed while living, and the affectionate respect which has followed him to the grave. He would not have filled the place nor enjoyed the authority he did in public life, had it not been for his singularly equitable temper, the judicial cast of his mind, his fairness and openness to conviction, his love of truth, his freedom from all party rancour, and his firm but conciliatory bearing towards opponents. In spite of his oratorical defects, few speakers commanded more entirely the attention of the House of Commons, who regarded him as their future leader. And although his manners were cold and reserved, and he never resorted to any arts for the purpose of obtaining popularity, he possessed the confidence of every class of his countrymen with which his official duties brought him in contact, and was, at the time of his death, rapidly winning favour of the

general public. His death was not only a severe blow to the Government, but a heavy loss to the country.

Things seem to be cooling down at Geneva, thanks to the prompt and decisive course taken by the Federal authorities. They are evidently determined that nothing shall be wanting on their part to restore and preserve tranquillity, and thus cut the ground from under the feet of any who may be intriguing to separate the city from the Swiss Confederation. Troops have been brought in from Berne, and the Genevese militia have been ordered out of the city. The election of M. Chenivère has been confirmed, and a judicial investigation into the late disorders has been ordered. It is not a little singular that M. Fazy should have replied to the summons of the *juge d'instruction* by a precipitate flight into France. He alleges that he has done so because he was in danger of assassination, but he does not adduce the least ground for such a supposition; and it is quite evident that the idea never came into his head until he was called upon to submit to a judicial examination. He must not be surprised if people in general find in his conduct a strong confirmation of the worst rumours which have been circulated as to his designs. But it is satisfactory to think that his influence, even with his own party, must be materially shaken by the course he has adopted. A leader who deserts his followers is not likely to command a large amount of their confidence, even although he declares his intention of carefully watching their fate from his own post of safety.

The military news received from America during the past week has been of considerable interest. Amongst other things, it has cleared up the doubt which existed when we last wrote as to what had really taken place in the course of the operations by Warren against the Weldon railway, to the south of Petersburg. It seems that this officer first occupied Reams on the 18th ult., having no doubt taken the Confederates in some degree by surprise. On the following day, however, they brought up a large force, and it is admitted that they drove him back with very heavy loss. Federal reinforcements then in turn arrived, and the Southerners had once more to fall back, leaving Warren in possession of the railway. There he had remained up to the latest advices, unmolested but motionless; and the same may be said of the remainder of Grant's army. No result whatever has followed the costly success of which the Federal press made so much; and if we may believe current report, General Lee is so thoroughly confident of the safety of Petersburg and Richmond, that he has taken the command of the army in the Shenandoah Valley, and has reinforced it by several divisions. In that case, we shall no doubt soon hear of stirring events on the Upper Potomac. The army under Sheridan, which has been obliged to retreat somewhat precipitately before Early, must prove utterly powerless to arrest the progress of Lee. Unless Grant and a large portion, if not the whole, of his troops are recalled, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and even Washington itself, must lie at the mercy of the Confederate general. From Atlanta we have no news whatever—a tolerably clear indication that Sherman has not been able to effect anything. There can, indeed, be little doubt that the reinforcements lately received by Hood have rendered that place perfectly safe, and that the only object to which the Federal general can usefully turn his attention is the security of his own line of communication, and retreat. At Mobile, Admiral Farragut's progress has been arrested by the sinking of an iron-clad in the one narrow channel which leads up to the city. He may still blockade the port, but that he could have done without entering the bay.

At the present moment, however, the political is even more interesting than the military situation. It is evident that the desire for peace gains ground in the North, although we cannot flatter ourselves that more than a very small section of the population have made up their minds to accept the only terms on which it can be obtained. There is still an idea, even amongst the Democrats, that the restoration of the union is possible, and that if an armistice can be obtained, negotiations with that object may be usefully carried on. We believe this view to be an utter delusion; but at the same time, if it be so far acted upon as to lead to a truce, we have every confidence in the ultimate result. Let peace once be restored, and it will be almost impossible to renew the war. To an endeavour to obtain peace, the Democratic candidate who was nominated at Chicago on the 29th ult., would be pledged; and if this candidate should prove to be

McClellan, or any man in whom the people have confidence, his success, in the present divided condition of the Republican party, is almost certain. Indeed, some of the leaders of that party seem quite sensible of this, for they have proposed that both Mr. Lincoln and General Fremont should withdraw in favour of a new candidate. We cannot imagine, however, that there is the remotest chance of Mr. Lincoln's taking this self-denying course.

THE TIVERTON AND SHEFFIELD REPRESENTATIVES OF ENGLAND.

A SMALL person struggling to seem the ruler of great events is a spectacle to make men laugh, if it were not also one to make the angels weep. Some clear perception of this truth has perhaps helped to keep the leading members of the Government and of Parliament unusually silent during so much of the recess as has yet passed away. Two of the number have, however, undertaken to speak for the rest, and have, in truth, made speeches enough to over-compensate the taciturnity of the others. Lord Palmerston has in half-a-dozen different places entered appearance for the Ministry, and Mr. Roebuck has twice at least announced himself as representing the House of Commons and all England. Both might with better grace have shared the decent silence of their conscious colleagues. Lord Palmerston was once, indeed, not a small man, and once was able to guide the current of the world's history. But he is now sunk, to adopt, for the sake of place and show, the policy of small men notoriously not his own; and it is difficult to conceive a sight more pitiful than a veteran statesman claiming the applause of mobs on account of accepting a line of conduct which was contrary to his own judgment, and his own sense of honour. Mr. Roebuck differs from the Premier in that he has never been anything else than a small man. There have been moments when he has made himself conspicuous by standing on tiptoe, and others in which he has made himself heard by the sharp discord of his tones. But that such an one should, as he did in Sheffield last week, arrogate to himself the position of representing all England, only shows a curious growth of morbid self-conceit. Yet, different as these two men are from each other, they agree in the version which they give of their own sentiments, and of the policy which they admit overruled their wishes, but of which they are willing to take the credit. Both confess, with more or less frankness, that a bolder course in foreign affairs would have better pleased them; both insist that they yielded only to the opinion of "the country," and both now profess accordance with the opinion of the country, declare it to have been "wiser" than their own, and congratulate themselves and all around them on the national advantages which we are in enjoyment of in consequence of its adoption.

It is certainly a new feature in English politics to find the expression of the popular will thus earnestly watched for and implicitly submitted to. We do not deny that in a free State it must ultimately be the directing influence on all questions. But freedom in a State is still compatible with statesmanship, and the office of statesmanship is to teach, to enlighten, and, so, to guide popular opinion. Now, the position which Lord Palmerston and Mr. Roebuck actually boast of taking up is, that they neither sought to teach nor to guide; that, while holding their own opinions, they carefully refrained from urging, from even expressing, almost from hinting them; and that, having thus left the country to form its opinion unaided, they instantly adopted that opinion the moment they could discover what it was. This is something more than republicanism—it is a principle which goes beyond Chartism. It is the granting of universal suffrage in its worst shape, for it makes the will of the mass supreme, without question of its intelligence. It is the granting of annual Parliaments, for it calls a septennial Parliament together only to register the popular decree of the hour! It is equivalent to the payment of members, for it yields them ease and position only on the condition that they surrender their own conscience and reason to the requirement of the majority of their constituents. No doubt all this has been done before now, even by statesmen of the old school; but the novelty is to find the system openly avowed. The peculiarity of this period is to find the Conservative-Liberal of Tiverton boldly defending his conduct on exactly the extreme democratic principles of the member for Sheffield; and, while obtaining the support of the Tories on the ground of being more Tory than their own chiefs, securing the applause of the mobs, by telling them that he has no opinion but theirs, and that their inclination proves in the end the highest wisdom.

If this abnegation of statesmanship and abandonment of the first duties of a Representative House, inaugurated by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Roebuck, shall continue, and by continuance become part of the English Constitution, the country will in time adapt itself to the change. The press will assume still more than it does now the abjured functions; the public will take an increasing interest in all the questions which it is thus compelled to consider and decide. So far, perhaps, good will come out of evil. But there is room to fear that at best it will be impossible for the nation to master the details of every question, while the habit of leaving every question to be decided by it, or, if not by it, then not at all, will grow more inveterate with the Government, and produce more serious misfortunes in our policy; for, after all, the nation cannot be always on the watch, always suspicious, always provident. Its resolution to act will generally be taken suddenly, and when matters are more than ripe for action. But if no provision has been made for such a possibility, action must always at first be unsuccessful. This has been already a cause of disaster in our history; it will become more frequent in operation and more frequent in result precisely as our rulers become more disposed to leave everything to be determined by the public, and resolve that, till the public decide for them, no prejudicial step shall be taken by them.

The consequences of such a system are traceable even now from day to day in the face of Europe. The Danish despatches, lately published, show that the applause of Bradford, of Tiverton, and of Sheffield has already been felt as a distant influence in the Vienna and Paris negotiations. England, which before was at least considered a power friendly to Denmark, has become indifferent. France has been affected by the change, and is colder than before. Consequently, the three Eastern Powers draw closer together, Prussia becomes more exacting, Russia more resolute, Austria more enterprising. There are vague, but scarce unauthoritative rumours of further annexations in the North, to be balanced by further exclusions of empire in the South-west. There is a report, not improbable, of burdens laid on Denmark such as she cannot bear, and under which she has only the choice to die by the sword or by famine. Now, all these date from the time when Lord Palmerston and Mr. Roebuck set themselves the task of finding out the opinion of England in order that they might make their own conform to it. Fancying that they discovered it to be in favour of non-intervention, they have given non-intervention their exclusive support. So the Germans will not now offer the terms they were willing to yield when England stood by Denmark's side, even though with no arms in her hands. And daily, as the non-intervention system becomes developed, do the terms they insist on grow the harder, and the scope of their ambition becomes the wider.

Now we take it to be a thing admitting of no doubt, and which no one has ever pretended to doubt, that the non-intervention of this country will at last have a limit. It may bear to see Kiel a Prussian war port, Rendsburg a Prussian war fortress, the Baltic a Prussian and Russian lake, the Rhenish provinces annexed to France, the Rouman provinces annexed to Austria; but at some point or other, in some question or other, no man can predict where, or of what sort, the nation, in a sudden and irrepressible spasm of outraged humanity or policy, of shame or rage, will burst the bounds of theory and profit, and break headlong into war. And then it will find that because its will and desires have been all this time wrongly apprehended by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Roebuck, it has to fight against a new naval power, against more powerful land powers, subject to the loss of gallant and useful allies, and of important territory and positions. All this has been foreseen, even by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Roebuck, and forms one reason why they privately deemed it would be better to make the inevitable stand at once. But because neither had the courage and honesty to tell the country of it in time, the country has acquiesced in peace, and both these men—wise in their generation—take credit now for acquiescing in the assumed national will. This is not statesmanship; it is the effort at statesmanship of very small men, acting in a very small way on a very great occasion.

And like all the efforts of such men, it is, beyond a doubt, self-misled. For another curious point in the late conjuncture is that the national will, which has been taken as the absolute director of our policy, has never been distinctly expressed at all. When peace and war hung in the balance there was no agitation, there were no meetings, no speeches deprecating war. The tone of that portion of the press which, like Lord Palmerston, professes to follow rather than lead, was more warlike than peaceful. Nor, when peace was resolved on, was there any jubilant outburst of gratulation. The nation, as we

have said, simply acquiesced in the Ministerial decision; but that decision was defended as being an acquiescence in the national decision. Now, certainly if there had been a national decision, it would have been unmistakeably set forth; for when the nation does decide it gives out no uncertain sound. A resolve by a whole people on a most momentous question is never for an instant in doubt. Hence, by accepting mere silence and abstinence from criticism as the proof of a formed and irresistible public opinion, the Government and the House of Commons are throwing off their own responsibility without warrant. If they had really desired to ascertain the general desire, constitutional means were open; but to adopt these means would have involved the formation of an opinion of their own, on which judgment, favourable or unfavourable, might be passed. This would have been too great an effort. Hence the resolve to do nothing, and to defend that course by the assertion that the public wished to do nothing. But when the time comes, as come it surely will, that the public shall see that something ought to have been done, it will pay little regard to the pretence that it acquiesced in a do-nothing policy. It will answer that its acquiescence only fixed more firmly the responsibility on those whose office it was to decide; and it will tell those who now, with such singular combination of complacency and effrontery, assume to interpret its will, that it raised them to power and pre-eminence, that they might give service and not flattery, that they might give guidance in the hour of danger, and not vain-glorious boasting in the hour of prosperity.

NATIONAL FINANCES.

ONE of the most interesting and important Blue Books annually laid before Parliament, is that which contains the reports of her Majesty's secretaries of embassy and legation upon the manufactures, commerce, and finance of the countries in which they reside. These reports are, as might be expected, marked by very different degrees of ability; nor are they framed, as they should be, upon one model, so as to give us in each case, as far as possible, the same kind and amount of information. Still they contain a mass of facts bearing upon the subjects to which they relate, and enable us to form a very fair idea of the material condition of some of the principal nations of Europe and America. It would be obviously impossible within the limits of a single article to epitomize, even in the briefest manner, the results of diplomatic research under each of the various heads into which these reports are divided. We propose, therefore, to confine ourselves at present to a survey of the financial condition of the countries with which we are most closely connected, or in which, for one reason or other, we take most interest.

Amongst these France has an indisputable claim to precedence. It will be recollected that towards the latter end of 1861, M. Fould became Minister of Finance, very much in consequence of the alarm he had created by calling attention to the enormous amount of the French floating debt, and by pointing out the dangers involved in its existence. On his accession to office he promised economy and retrenchment, and held out the hope of a reduction of taxation. Unfortunately, not one of the expectations he excited has been realised. Up to the present time the French taxpayers have only to thank him for the creation of new or the augmentation of existing taxes, while the floating debt has again reached the amount (£40,000,000 sterling) at which it stood when he assumed the duties of his present post. Nor has he been more successful in closing the "Grand Livre" of the national debt, although he shows (at any rate on paper) that the late loan of 300,000,000 f. was only rendered necessary by the expenses of the Mexican war. These facts are not of a very satisfactory character; nor is there anything reassuring in a more minute examination of the national accounts. The French budget for 1865 is almost identical with that for 1864. The extraordinary budget shows an expenditure of 108,650,000 f. (of which 66,000,000 f. are derived from the income, while 26,000,000 f. are taken from the capital, of the sinking fund), against an income of 108,750,011 f. The income of the "ordinary" budget is taken at 1,799,801,062 f., against an expenditure of 1,797,265,790 f.; leaving a surplus of 2,536,272 f. A surplus of £100,000 is certainly one of the most modest descriptions; but modest as it is there is very little chance—if we look to the experience of previous years—that it will be realised. From 1852 to 1861 the excess of expenditure over the estimates was 3,138,926,250 f.; or an average yearly excess of 313,892,625 f. The provisional winding up ("compte provisoire") of the budget of 1862 shows an excess of expenditure

over income of 302,016,382 f.; and it is already known that the balance of income and expenditure for 1863 will show a very similar result. In other words, the normal state of things under the present régime is a deficiency of income amounting to nearly one-fifth of the sum estimated as necessary to meet the expenditure by the Minister of the day. It is clear, as Mr. Grey observes, "that when the discrepancy between the estimated and the actual expenditure becomes so considerable and so permanent, it is almost impossible to preserve good order in the finances of the country or to avoid the continual argumentation of the funded and floating debts." But there is still a further reason to regard the condition of the French finances with distrust. There is ground for apprehending that the public debt will be increased in proportion as the various charges in subventions and guarantees, given by the Government to the great railway companies, take effect. The capital of that debt is admitted to have increased during the last ten years by the sum of £92,000,000, and, looking at the figures we have quoted, we can scarcely think that we have heard the last of French loans in time of peace. There may be no immediate prospect of financial embarrassment, but it is impossible to deny that there is a steady, and, as it seems to us, an unchecked tendency in that direction.

It would be very interesting to know something about the condition of the Austrian finances, but, unfortunately, M. Fane, the Secretary of Legation at Vienna, confines himself to a dissertation upon the commercial policy of the empire, with which we have at present nothing to do. We must, therefore, pass on to Italy. The budget for 1864 shows, we regret to say, a deficit of about 250,000,000 f.; viz.,—

Ordinary expenses	F. 756,000,000
Ordinary revenue	522,000,000
	234,000,000
Add interest on Loan	15,000,000
Total deficit	249,000,000

It is proposed to provide for this deficit by 200,000,000 f. still remaining of the loan contracted in 1863, by an Income-tax estimated to produce 30,000,000 f., and by the sale of crown lands. It is clear that the second of these items is the only one which can be relied upon in future years, and there is, therefore, every probability that the deficit in 1865 will be as large as that in 1864. But it is not unlikely that it will be even greater, because, in order to bring the amount of ordinary revenue up to the sum at which we have stated it above, the Minister takes credit for an augmentation of 30,000,000 f. on the receipts of the previous year—an augmentation which the Commissioners who examined the Budget do not think likely to be realized. At the same time, there is no doubt that the revenue does show some elasticity, and it would probably show still more, if the Government would adopt a free-trade policy and reduce or remove duties which press upon consumption. Had Count Cavour lived he would have seen that the most likely way to restore the equilibrium between revenue and expenditure, and to promote the prosperity of the country, was to follow the example of Sir Robert Peel. But so bold a line is not to be expected from the present Ministers, who are remarkable neither for capacity nor courage. They do little more than live from hand to mouth, and rely for the disappearance of the present alarming deficit upon a calculation that in four years it will be covered, "supposing an economy of 100,000,000 f. is effected annually, 115,000,000 f. raised by new taxes, and that the revenue produces 60,000,000 f. augmentation." It is possible that these anticipations may be realized, but at present the expenditure tends rather to increase than diminish; and it is clear that in the event of war, or even of any great political crisis, the country must be involved in serious difficulties.

Very different is the condition of things in Belgium. For some years past there has been a considerable surplus available for outlay on public works, and this is said to be the only country in existence which is not burthened with a floating debt. In how sound a state are the finances of Belgium may be judged from the fact that the aggregate excess of income over expenditure from 1858 to 1861 (both years inclusive), amounted to 28,569,461 f.; being an average of 11,500,000 f. annually, or 8 per cent. on the revenue. The accounts for the subsequent years have not been finally made up, but it is believed that the surplus for 1862 was 11,000,000 f., and that for 1863 8,000,000; while it is estimated that the present surplus is not less than 12,000,000 f. "The savings or surplus revenue," says Mr. Barron, "devoted in 1863 to public works, increasing the capital of the State, will prove to be at least 11,000,000 f. If to this sum be added the 7,250,000 f. devoted to the redemp-

tion of debt, it will be found that the State increases its capital—in other words, enriches itself—by 19,250,000 f. annually—a sum, moreover, which must rapidly increase every year.” The Secretary of Legation at the Hague gives us a singularly confused account of the financial position of Holland, but it would appear to be, on the whole, a good one, seeing that in 1863-4 it was found possible to reduce the national debt by 11,015,253 florins. Switzerland rejoices in a surplus of about 5,000,000 f., on a revenue of only 8,540,000 f.; while Portugal has a deficit of about £342,000 for the year 1863-4. It is scarcely worth while, under present circumstances, to say anything about the finances of Denmark, but we just observe, that previous to the late war, they were by no means in an unprosperous condition. There are no reports on the finances of Prussia, Spain, Sweden, and Russia—a circumstance which seems to demand the attention of the Foreign Office.

One of the most able and lucid reports in this volume is that of Mr. Stuart, the Secretary of Legation at Washington, upon the finances of the Federal States. It presents us with the clearest and most accurate view we have yet obtained of the expenditure entailed upon the northern republic by the present war, and enables us to form a tolerably safe opinion as to the probable result. At the close of the financial year (ending June 30th) 1860 the public debt of the United States was £13,299,733; in 1861, £18,658,691; in 1862, £105,587,509; in 1863, £225,624,883; in 1864, £346,397,667; and it is estimated that by the 30th of next June it will amount to £458,302,913. And this it must be borne in mind is quite independent of the large additions which have of late years been made to the debts of the individual States! Let us now turn to the accounts of revenue and expenditure and see how far the burthen of the war has been borne by taxation, and how far by loans. For 1862, the expenditure is said to have been £117,215,953, out of which £108,766,418 was raised by borrowing; for 1863, the (estimated) expenditure was £183,941,811, and the loans, £159,483,031; for 1864, estimated expenditure was £225,817,648, loans £121,971,252. The expenditure for 1865 is estimated at £236,512,335; and before leaving office Mr. Chase calculated the revenue from taxes for that year at £42,471,567. That would of course leave more than £190,000,000 to be borrowed in the current twelvemonth. For some reason or other Mr. Chase supposed that £82,135,523 was likely to remain unexpended at the end of this period. But we must altogether decline to place faith in speculations which were no doubt based upon the idea—certainly not likely to be realized—that the war would either terminate, or at least be materially contracted, before June, 1865. It is probable that more will require to be borrowed, and less will be raised by taxes than appears from the figures we have just quoted. And for this belief we have ample warrant in past experience. There is every reason to believe that, if the outstanding liabilities of the Government were taken into account, their total indebtedness on the 30th June last was much more than £346,000,000, at which it was estimated by the late Secretary for the Treasury. And when we find that, out of £19,933,680 which Mr. Chase expected to realize from the internal revenue and the Income-tax during the year 1863, he only obtained £8,034,036, we may form a pretty good notion what prospect there is of the estimated £42,500,000 being raised by taxation during the current year. So far from the actual being better than the estimated figures, there is every chance that, if the war goes on, they will be much worse. But even if we take Mr. Chase's estimates, and assume that the total debt will be no more than £458,000,000 on the 30th June next, “the future annual charge for interest upon the sum will, perhaps, scarcely fall short of £20,000,000.” That is nearly as large a sum as was actually raised from all branches of the revenue in 1863. If the war proceeds, it is enough to say that this charge will, before long, reach a much larger sum; but if peace be restored, it is scarcely probable that a people who have shown such unwillingness to bear taxation for the purpose of carrying on a war for empire, will be content to suffer under this burthen for the mere purpose of paying their debts. The people of the Federal States may be capable of bearing a far heavier burthen than would be imposed upon them by the fulfilment of obligations considerably larger than those which they have at present contracted. But we do not believe that they will be willing to do so, when bankruptcy and repudiation offer a ready means of escape from the performance of so disagreeable a duty.

THE DEATH OF PÈRE ENFANTIN.

THE death of the celebrated Père Enfantin recalls to those who are familiar with French politics the memory of an

agitation long extinct. The doctrines and principles of St. Simon were an after-wave of the democratical philosophy that was so much in vogue among French thinkers during the latter half of the last century. Universal brotherhood, the emancipation of women, the community of property, the organization of industry, and, as a natural consequence, the perfectibility of mankind, are visions which St. Simon owed, in a large measure, to French philosophers still more illustrious than himself. The conception of a society based upon these foundations is not new. The novelty of the Simonian school consists in the vigorous attempt made by its leaders to carry out their theories, not in some transmarine colony, not in some missionary settlement in a fresh and untrodden world, but in the centre of France herself, that is to say, in the centre of European progress and civilization. In no other country in Europe could the experiment have been seriously contemplated by men of the ability of St. Simon's chief followers. But the French Revolution has awakened in France a mass of democratic and semi-cultivated intelligence, which is a favourable soil for the production of social ideas of a wild and Quixotic cast.

The sudden emancipation of the minds of a whole nation from the moral and social ideas which have governed and continue to govern their neighbours, give rise naturally to fevers of the kind. Large numbers among the lower orders are beginning to observe and to reflect for themselves, and they fall easily under the dominion of extravagant and clever doctrinaires, who are as much at war with the rest of the literary and philosophical world, as their followers can be with the social. It is in such times and in such circumstances that men rebel against the laws of political economy, and endeavour to drown all argument that does not suit them in a sea of feverish invective. Inferior politicians who are gifted with great powers of language and of imagination, are listened to with a respect that their talents and their logic fail to deserve. A new species of demagogue springs up—the demagogue who, instead of appealing simply to the passions of the masses, appeals in a passionate and forcible way to the uneducated side of their reason. In England, we have experienced something of the kind. A generation, in the ears of which the monstrous political economy of Mr. Ruskin makes itself occasionally heard, cannot afford to treat altogether with contempt the abler vagaries of the St. Simonians, and the specious day-dreams of Bazard and Enfantin.

Forty years have passed over Paris since Enfantin, who was destined to be the first Apostle of the faith, was introduced to St. Simon, its founder. On the death of St. Simon, his infant society acknowledged as their leader the man who was, perhaps, the most considerate of their number; and Enfantin assumed a position among the school, which he preserved through good report and evil report, until the time when he became the proto-martyr of the cause. The Revolution of July, 1830, was the era from which the St. Simonians may date their public notoriety. Parisians of the day learnt, with more amusement than surprise, that a little society which proposed to invert all the social relations of the world were in the habit of collecting to listen to lectures from their leaders, in a well-furnished house upon the Boulevard Italien. Among the members of the elect who contributed their services were men of undeniable power, and a few writers and orators whose vigorous language secured a hearing for opinions of little specific gravity in themselves. There were two among the number wealthy converts, who, like some of the early Christians, had given the surest proof of their sincerity by throwing their property into a common fund. And—as has always been the case in modern French schools—there were female enthusiasts belonging to the order, whose vivacity and genius kept alive the flame which masculine energy had originally kindled. The last crime which could be laid at the door of the St. Simonians by their sceptical detractors, was that of asceticism. A society which disapproved of the law of inheritance could naturally afford to make the best of its worldly possessions, and to enjoy life was in reality, to a St. Simonian, one of the ends of living. At the banquets which were conducted upon the principles of the order, men and women mingled in decent, though not always in innocuous, fellowship. The more learned of the following went under the honourable name of father. The women were mothers, sisters, and daughters respectively. Like other religions, the St. Simonian had its parties, its divergencies of dogma, and its controversies as to essential matters of faith. A difference between Père Bazard and Père Enfantin, on no less a subject than that of matrimony, precipitated a dissension in the body, that sooner or later must have resulted from the Platonic character of the institutions. Père Bazard wished that his daughter should be married according to the ordinary

forms of society. Père Enfantin strenuously objected to a fancy which seemed to him both timid and heterodox; and the feud was the first of many difficulties which paved the way for the disruption of the brotherhood. A religion whose founder's views on matrimony are lax, and perhaps not altogether disinterested, contains in itself the seeds of internal disunion and decay. The difficulties of the St. Simonians about women have presented themselves also at a very early period in the career of similar communities. The Mormons have passed through similar stages of domestic jealousy and uneasiness. More than one angelic vision was requisite to persuade the earlier followers of Mahomet that the great apostle was not to be confined by too rigid a code in matters that related to the feebler sex, and that high religious rank had a right both to claim and to enjoy peculiar matrimonial privileges. Père Enfantin's moral theories excited in an equal degree the suspicion and, perhaps, the envy of his first converts. The women themselves took up the quarrel. In full conclave, a feminine disciple upbraided the Pontiff of the Order with the indecent tendencies of his doctrines; and the sentence which the State subsequently passed upon them seems, at least, to be consistent with the view taken by that sex which had the best opportunity of judging.

The Assize Court of Paris at last broke in upon the dreams of Enfantin, while he was contemplating the renovation of the world under a universal Pontificate of his own. He was accused of holding meetings contrary to the law, and of subverting public morals. Condemned for this offence to a year's imprisonment, he was released before the expiration of the term; and, like his master, St. Simon, determined to seek his fortunes in travel. After an absence from France of a few years, he returned, to set up a posting establishment at Lyons, and found his nascent society gone, and his own name almost forgotten. In a land where religious toleration is carried to its extreme limits, Père Enfantin was not disqualified for public service by his earlier history. In 1841 he was sent as member of a scientific commission to Algiers. Four years later we find him director of the Lyons railway; and from thence up to his death he held a position of importance in connection with railways in the south of France. Though he never, till the close of a singular career, abandoned his religious and social tenets, his missionary activity had been quenched by the interference of the law. As a controversialist, he still maintained what he taught from the beginning. As a propagandist, he ceased to run his head against the obstacles which society and legislation interpose between himself and the realization of his schemes. Others of the confraternity have followed a like course. M. Michel Chevalier and M. Pereire, in their youth, were St. Simonians together. Ingenious critics still trace the origin of M. Chevalier's political and financial plans to his younger training. Nor is it difficult to see how the doctrines of M. Auguste Comte and of St. Simon—fanciful and unpractical as they seem—may issue in practical enterprises of real benefit to society at large, when they have been divested of that fanaticism and that virulent antagonism to the received opinions of the day which prevents them from rising to the level of philosophy. The truth is that the same political heterodoxies which culminated in the crotchets of St. Simon, rage at present in a milder form throughout the masses of the French nation. They have triumphed in the Revolution of 1848; they would, perhaps, have triumphed still more completely but for the second empire, which is itself tinged by them to no inconsiderable extent. It is not necessary to suppose that Napoleon III. is indirectly influenced by the theories of the St. Simonian school—it is enough to know that he is the representative of a spirit which, when carried to an extreme, is not so very remote from the spirit of that body. Nowhere but in France could Père Enfantin have ventilated his projects with tolerable assurance of being listened to, and the second empire is tolerated because it appeals to the same unsound popular fallacies as those upon which St. Simon's followers based their more philosophical superstructure.

M. DUMAS AND THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

M. DUMAS has recently addressed a letter to the French Emperor, to complain of the obstacles interposed by the authorities between his new play, "*Les Mohicans de Paris*," and publicity. "*The Mohicans*" is a stirring production, highly seasoned with those criminal adventures in the description of which the pen of M. Dumas is expert. The prologue alone is full of thrilling horrors. There is a terrible intrigue, which issues in the murder of a little child; and though the *Medea* of the piece does not so far outrage the classical law of criticism

as to immolate her victim on the stage, yet the screams of the dying, and the death-rattle in their throats, are heard from behind; while she herself, dagger in hand, rushes from one side of the theatre to the other, before the eyes of the excited audience. The murderess, in her turn, falls before the fury of an unchained house-dog, and dies in public, uttering the most blasphemous ejaculations of impotent passion. A prologue so sensational is followed by a less bloody, though certainly an eventful drama. The play, from first to last, is doubtless one of some power; and the excellence of the acting, combined with the artistic nature of the plot, has made it popular enough. But its piquancy and its horrors, at first sight, were too much even for a French censor. "*Les Mohicans de Paris*" was forbidden to appear upon the stage, and M. Dumas' genius had well nigh been wasted in its production. Such being the case, M. Dumas determined to appeal in person to the Emperor himself. M. Dumas stands towards French literature on the same sort of pinnacle which the Emperor occupies in politics. The Academy, perhaps, might prefer M. Thiers or M. Victor Hugo, just as the Faubourg St. Germain might admire the Bourbon dynasty. But universal suffrage would doubtless raise M. Dumas far above the heads of his literary rivals. What he lacks in classical finish and in grace he makes up in audacity, and in a real talent for producing sensations; and he has, perhaps, a right to be considered as the Napoleon of French literature. It is not, therefore, surprising if he addresses Napoleon III. in the theatrical tone of a rival conqueror. Voltaire could not have appealed to the great King of Prussia with an air of more complete equality, and it is only too clear that M. Dumas regards his own literary empire as a kind of parallel to the Second Empire whose seat is at the Tuileries.

The literary Emperor begins his epistle to his political brother by complaining of the hardships he has undergone. The Imperial censor has been endeavouring to suppress M. Dumas, just as the Orleanists endeavoured to suppress the nephew of the great Napoleon. "There were in 1830," says M. Dumas, "and there still are at the present moment, three men at the head of French literature. They are Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and myself. Victor Hugo is a proscrip and Lamartine is ruined. I cannot be proscribed like Victor Hugo; nothing in my life, writings, or conversation has offered any ground for proscription. But it is possible to ruin me like Lamartine, and, in fact, my ruin is being effected." With a natural pride M. Dumas then appeals to his past exploits in the realms of fiction. In the region of politics the Napoleons are universally supposed to have accomplished as great marvels as human genius has ever accomplished before. But in his own field M. Dumas appears to have achieved as much. He has written and published 1,200 volumes. Assuming that M. Dumas has been engaged in their production for the last forty years, we are able to measure his industry and his energy by a very simple computation. On his own showing, he has turned out works of genius at the trifling rate of thirty volumes in the year, which (without allowing for moments of relaxation) is two volumes and a half per month, or three-quarters of a volume in a week. When M. Persigny or his brother Ministers next propose to sum up for our edification the prodigies that the Second Empire has performed within the last ten years, the thought of what M. Dumas has done ought to strike them for ever dumb. This literary pyramid is of itself enough to put all material pyramids to the blush. But M. Dumas has achieved a greater triumph still. It is the greatest boast of the Second Empire that it is strictly moral and religious. The Empire, according to M. Persigny, is a moral victory. The writings of M. Dumas lay claim to the same proud title. Of all his 1,200 volumes, he asserts that there is not one that may not safely be read by the most Republican artisan of the Faubourg St. Antoine, or by any young maiden of the Faubourg St. Germain. When M. Dumas reflects that he is a popular French writer, the thought that he has been severely pure from first to last may well occur to him as an exploit of surpassing magnitude. His claims upon the Imperial censor of the stage are accordingly very much of the same description as Louis Napoleon's claims upon the Pope. Napoleon III., in an age of scepticism, has been the eldest son of the Church. M. Dumas, in a period of laxity and libertinism, has uniformly written like a vestal virgin. *Virginibus puerisque canto*, is his superb boast. The ingratitude of the Pope to Louis Napoleon is, perhaps, the only parallel to the ingratitude shown by the censors at Paris towards M. Dumas. "In spite of all this, Sire," complains M. Dumas, "in the eyes of the censors I am the most impure of men." The splendid sentiments of the Emperor have not preserved him from being regarded by the Vatican as an Imperial Joseph Surface; and the authorities whose duty it is to guard the sanctity of the

Paris stage consistently treat M. Dumas as if he were an immoral and untrustworthy person.

"Within the last twelve years the censorship has successively forbidden the performance of 'Isaac Laquedem,' sold for 80,500*fr.* to the *Constitutionnel*; the 'Tour de Nesle,' after 800 representations (the veto has lasted seven years); 'Angelo,' after 300 representations (the veto has lasted six years); 'Antony,' after 350 representations (the veto has lasted six years); the 'Jeunesse de Louis XIV.,' which has never been performed, having been vetoed when about to be brought out at the Theatre Français; the 'Jeunesse de Louis XV.' accepted at the same theatre. And now the censors have forbidden the 'Mohicans de Paris,' which was to be performed on Saturday last. It will probably also interdict, under pretexts more or less specious, 'Olympe de Clèves,' and 'Balsamo,' which I am now writing."

So harsh and unkind a return for all that M. Dumas has done for morality and virtue was likely to be appreciated by the one monarch whose actions are always misinterpreted and whose motives are habitually malign. The representative of democratical Government can sympathize with Democracy's favourite *litterateur*. Nor is the Emperor of the French likely to fail to see that his own career is a theme precisely suited to the pen of M. Dumas. The author who has done so much for Joseph Balsamo is the author who ought to be chosen to paint the elected of the French people. The adventures of the prisoner of the Château d'If are not half so romantic or so marvellous as the adventures of the prisoner of Ham. Like Monte Christo, Louis Napoleon has come back from political exile a grave and saturnine man to take vengeance on his persecutors; and to be a kind of earthly Providence in Parisian society. Like D'Artagnan, the great hero of the *Trois Mousquetaires*, his Imperial Majesty enjoys the singular privilege of being—so to speak—a political Gascon, who always has made good his gasconades. Among the 1,200 volumes that owe their birth to M. Dumas' incomparable pen, there is not one that contains a history of such successful daring or of such mystery as that which might be compiled out of the papers that lie buried in the Emperor's cabinet. In the Italian campaign, Napoleon III., imitating the precedent set him by Louis XIV., went to battle accompanied by his historiographer. M. Bazancourt is the historiographer of the Second Empire, but he has done very little as yet to earn so magnificent a title. Justice demands that he should resign, to make room for a better man. M. Dumas is the natural historiographer of the Second Empire, just as the Rhine is its natural frontier, and glory its natural food. He is the one man fitted by Providence to accompany the French eagles wherever they go, and to commemorate their flight. In acceding to the prayer of M. Dumas and permitting the representation of the *Mohicans*, Napoleon III. has been providing perhaps for posterity. M. Dumas in the close of his letter reminds his Imperial Majesty that he has touched his hand both at Ham and at the Elysée—in misfortune and in prosperity. It is a pity that two such names should ever be parted. Louis Napoleon is about to publish a life of Cæsar. M. Dumas cannot do better than discharge Cæsar's debt as well as his own, and publish a life of Louis Napoleon.

PATENT LAW REFORM.

EVERYBODY knows the fable of the goose, that laid the golden eggs. Time out of mind, the story of the well-merited disappointment that befel the ungrateful boy who killed his goose has been quoted as a warning to the rising generation of the extreme folly into which people, blinded by greed and over-selfishness, are apt to fall. This old nursery fable has been forcibly brought to our recollection of late by the extraordinary silliness and absurdity of the doctrines preached by the leading organ of the press in the endeavour to get up a crusade against the Patent Laws. In lieu of having recourse to the homicidal knife, the British public are advised to stop the allowance of barley—a course, we opine, equally suicidal in its tendencies, and quite as fatal to a continued supply of eggs. "We venture to suggest," cries the *Times*, "as the true remedy for the evils which are felt in every department of industry, an abolition of patents altogether. Let the State decline to enter into any more bargains with inventors, real or imaginary, and leave them to work out their plans as they please."

Surely no nation was ever before blest with such a prolific and indefatigable race of gold producers as the English possess in their inventors. Mainly through their labours the country of their birth has been launched on a career of progress that has excited the wonder, envy, and admiration of surrounding nations, and placed England at the head of the civilized world. Take three individuals, Watt, Cort, and Arkwright, for

example;—how vast are the changes in the lot of man and the aspect of the globe, and above all in the position and wealth of their native land, wrought by their inventions! Now we maintain that there is no reason to believe that these discoveries would, even at the present hour, have been brought to a high state of practical perfection—if made at all—but for the existence of patents, or some equivalent reward for the inventor. A writer on the steam-engine observes:—"It was eight years before Watt succeeded in getting anyone to try it, and had not a fortunate chance at that period introduced him to a liberal, enlightened, and enterprising man, in Boulton, another eight years of fruitless efforts might have been undergone, or even the full appreciation of the invention indefinitely delayed, in which latter case the whole of that vast career of progress on which the human race entered, as a consequence of the steam-engine, would have been postponed; the issue of the great European war might have been different; colonies rapidly increasing in wealth and importance would have remained desert wastes; large cities now flourishing would have been unbuilt, and millions now living unborn." Now nobody, we imagine, will be so weak as to contend that such a thorough man of business as Matthew Boulton would have sunk his capital to bring the steam-engine to a working stage of perfection, unless he had seen some guarantee of being ultimately remunerated by the possession for a limited period of the exclusive privilege of making and vending his own and his partner's inventions. When, therefore, it is exclaimed, "If the publication of an invention to the world be a necessary consequence of its use, why should the public pay for that which is in its nature incapable of appropriation!" we can but stand amazed at the ignorance and assurance which can soberly bring forward rubbish of this kind as a substitute for argument when attacking opinions sanctioned by experience and approved by the common sense of mankind. The jurisprudence of every civilized country, from despotic Russia to republican America, the opinion of every writer of repute on political economy, from Adam Smith to Stewart Mill, concur in recognising the expediency of encouraging inventions by granting to the authors the exclusive privilege of using their own discoveries for a limited period, believing the practice to be conducive to the national weal, but the more enlightened *Times* denounces such a regulation as a monopoly, and compares it with the Corn Laws.

The zeal of recent converts is well known frequently to outrun discretion, but it is not often they presume so hastily to set their opinions in opposition to their masters. The animus of our contemporary, however, in the present instance, has appeared so disproportionately powerful compared with his arguments, that his readers have been driven to seek an explanation of the discrepancy in the supposition of some personal feeling being enlisted in the matter.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent practical man conversant with the history of our manufactures and the animating motives of mankind, of the immense impetus to progress which the existence of patents occasions, or that their effect is to cause a cheapening of products to consumers, which would not otherwise take place. In fact, it is well known that the invention of new machinery is very generally viewed by established manufacturers as a misfortune entailing upon them an additional outlay without any increase in profits—for as the benefits of the greater productiveness which ensues are participated in by their rivals, the advantage falls to the lot of the public in the shape of diminished prices. The suggestions of the *Times*, to possess a shred of common sense, required either that inventions ripened and came to maturity by the road-side, like blackberries offering themselves to the gatherer, or that they were generally made by wealthy individuals so public spirited as to find their greatest pleasure in devoting their time and money to the benefit of others. But our contemporary obligingly refutes the only supposition compatible with the advice he tenders and having even the semblance of a rational foundation, by informing us that the majority of inventors are poor workmen, who impoverish themselves before they can succeed in bringing their inventions to perfection, and are in consequence obliged to sell them to men of capital, who, we will add, invest the money required for the purchase, and the further sum consumed in the practical maturing of the discovery, to obtain that property which the Patent Laws and the Patent Laws alone create. Even on the supposition that the employers of these poor workmen-inventors were master-manufacturers, we have seen that it would be quite against their interests to sink say £20,000 in experiments to perfect an invention the benefit of which would be immediately participated in by rivals with whom they would have to contend at a positive disadvantage commensurate with the

capital they had already expended. No one, we venture to say, who had heard from the lips of the late Richard Roberts the history of the difficulties he had to contend with and the struggles he encountered in the introduction of his inventions for improving the self-acting mule—that great agent in cheapening the production of cotton goods—could for a moment entertain a doubt of the beneficial influence exercised by patents on the progress of invention. Nay, more, we venture to assert that, had it not been for their fostering influence, that grand assemblage of machinery which it is the pride and glory of England to have created, and which, were she submerged beneath the waves to-morrow, would remain an imperishable legacy to all succeeding generations, would virtually have no existence.

We are, however, no defenders of the present Patent Laws, but, on the contrary, regard their provisions as highly discreditable to the intelligence of the country. The interests of three classes are affected by their operation. First, the public at large; secondly, inventors; thirdly, lawyers and patent agents. Unfortunately, in framing them, the interests of the first and second classes appear to have been sacrificed to that of the third. The legislators have evidently belonged to the legal profession, whilst the evidence which served for their guidance was probably obtained from the class whose interests were equally as distinct from those of the public as their own. As to the Act itself—or rather bundle of Acts upon Acts mutually expounding, explaining, and exploding one another, with a copious assortment of sets of rules and regulations to match, each in its turn rescinding its predecessor,—as to these legal labyrinths—the want of simplicity and common sense, the tautology, the tortuous course of the ideas, above all, the absence of any unity of plan, or any general principle running through and presiding over the whole, is quite in harmony with their parentage. If the same muddling together of different parts, and absence of simplicity, characterized the productions of our mechanicians, what would become of England's manufacturing supremacy?

The class whose interests are most sacrificed in the framing of the present Patent Laws is, as might be expected, the weakest, viz., the inventors, themselves. The point of greatest importance to the public, viz., to hold out such a prospect of gain as may induce minds of a certain stamp, at a present cost of time and money, to devote themselves to the occupation of endeavouring to effect discoveries, is tolerably attained. A prize is held out sufficient to stimulate the exertions of a proverbially sanguine race; but far from offering any assurance of recompense to successful invention, at this stage, the inventor is but the possessor of a lottery ticket, which may or may not turn out a prize, for every patent of any value must expect to have to establish its validity by a lawsuit—and great is the glorious uncertainty of the law.

We look upon the crying evil of the present Patent Laws to be the indiscriminate manner in which patents are granted to all comers. To every man who is ready to pay the fees, the State is ready to give, or rather to sell, an instrument bearing the great seal of England, virtually declaring that the bearer is the discoverer of some useful invention. A hundred patents may, in fact, in some cases, actually have been granted for the same thing; it matters not to those who pocket the fees; neither inquiry nor examination takes place. Many will exclaim, "What can be the use of taking out patents necessarily invalid *ab initio*?" The fact is, they are obtained in such cases, not to secure ideas from infringement or appropriation, but simply as a means of throwing dust in the eyes of the public; the great seal of England being used as a Mumbo Jumbo, by invoking which its possessor is enabled to extract money out of the pockets of the ignorant. Sometimes persons are induced to purchase portions of these legalized fictions; sometimes moneys are extorted for pretended infringements under threats of proceedings at law. The system is a demoralising one, and something ought certainly to be done to put a stop to such abuses, for it is the duty of a State to repress dishonesty, whereas the present law not only creates facilities for fraud, but actually occupies the disgraceful position of a partner and accomplice, by selling a diploma which deceives the public into the belief that its possessor has made some discovery, or, in other words, furnishes him with a credential which assists him in obtaining money under false pretences.

We understand that the recent Patent Commission cannot agree upon a report. Few anticipated much good from its deliberations:—first, from the preponderance of the legal element; secondly, because the time of its members was too much occupied with other matters to pay that attention to the subject which its importance and intricacy demanded. Mean-

time, the *status quo* is prolonged, and a régime perpetuated under which lawsuits are multiplied, inventors defrauded, and justice outraged, which benefits one class alone—viz., those who fatten on litigation; whilst the attendant evils ultimately fall on the public.

ABOLITION OF TURNPIKE TOLLS.

ONE of the conditions of a sound fiscal impost is that all that is taken from the tax-payer shall find its way into the Treasury, with the smallest possible deduction for cost of collection. Judged by this test, the system of turnpike tolls is inconceivably wasteful and barbarous. There are more than 1,100 turnpike trusts in England and Wales. Each turnpike gate costs about £25 per annum, and there are more than four gates, on an average, in each trust. Thus we have an expenditure of one hundred and ten thousand pounds upon the mechanical operation of collecting the tolls. To this outlay must be added all the cost of management and the necessary expenses for keeping up the road. Each trust has its staff of paid officers—its clerk, surveyor, and sometimes its paid treasurer. In the Leominster trusts it takes one half of the revenue to pay the expenses and establishment charges, while the repairs, after all, are put upon the parishes. In some other trusts the expenses range from 25 to 40 per cent. of the whole revenue. To the permanent cost of collection and management must be added the periodical expense of renewing the Acts of Parliament. The eleven hundred trusts have each been renewed (say) four times within the last century, at a cost of above £2,000,000 sterling. No wonder that the trusts of England and Wales, under this thriftless system of administration, have accumulated a heavy load of debt. The bonded debt, which is nominally put at £4,000,000, is, indeed, one of the chief obstacles to the abolition of toll gates.

It may, no doubt, be said, in favour of the turnpike system, that those who use the road to any extent pay for their use of the road. The House of Commons' Committee of 1836 attached considerable weight to the circumstance that turnpike tolls caught the through traffic. The turnpike road was formerly a national road. When people travelled from London to York by stage-coaches and post-carriages, it was but reasonable that the burden of repairing the road should not fall exclusively upon the intermediate parishes. But the railways now convey all the long traffic. From one part of the country to the other you scarcely meet a single commercial traveller, a single stage-coach, or a stage-waggon, upon the turnpike roads. The heavy goods, as well as passengers, go by railway. The traffic being thus local traffic, the toll payers, and those who, as ratepayers, would pay for the roads if tolls were abolished, are now the same class of persons. The time has thus demonstrably come for reconsidering the question of toll gates, and for adopting a system of road administration in harmony with the wants and circumstances of the time. The farmers and other ratepayers of the district really pay the tolls at present, but with this difference, that an enormous percentage is frittered away by the cost of gatekeepers, the peculations of collectors, the salaries of paid officers, and the multiplicity of trusts.

The vexatious and inconvenient impediments to traffic imposed by toll gates, especially in the neighbourhood of large towns, need scarcely be insisted upon. In every part of the country the feeling is growing that turnpike gates are a nuisance which the public would be glad to pay something to be rid of. In some cases a man can go to a neighbouring town and back by railway cheaper than he can drive there, on account of the tolls. We hear of one case in which a Sussex coachman brings his master a bill for tolls for a fortnight of 24s. for a pair of horses, and this not for a great deal of travelling, but "merely a little country visiting." Between Etchingham and Hastings, a distance of seventeen miles, this coachman pays 6s. in tolls; and if he goes in the opposite direction to Tunbridge, it costs 4s. or 5s.

Things are just as bad in the North. The city of Durham suffers severely from the plague of toll gates. It is afflicted with six gates at the six entrances of the town, besides two check gates. If you want to reach Durham from any point a mile distant you have two gates to pay. The tolls are so onerous that they suspend or prevent the running of omnibuses to the railway termini. At one of the bars near Durham they make people pay, not once in twenty-four hours, but twenty-four times in twenty-four hours, if they pass so often. A brickmaker states that in one day he paid tenpence ten times over for passing and repassing a gate about five miles from Durham. The farmers won't drive into the city on

market-days, but leave their horses and carts at a neighbouring village, in consequence of the oppressive nature of the tolls.

In the West of England there is the same impediment to traffic and locomotion. A Ledbury man who goes to Kingston, twenty-one miles distant, has to go through eight gates—three on the Ledbury trust, and five on the Hereford trust. He changes horses at Hereford, and he has to pay five gates. If he visits Newent, eight miles from Ledbury, he encounters four gates, and pays at three of them. If he goes to Worcester, he meets six gates in sixteen miles, and pays at four. If he goes to Bromyard, he finds five gates in thirteen miles, and pays at all, yet the roads are bad. The Ledbury trust comprises sixty-two miles of road. The trustees have a clerk at £30 a year, and a surveyor at £120; they had a collector at £52 a year, but they find it better to let the tolls than to collect them, owing to the frauds of the toll collectors. Ledbury is said to have suffered greatly from the railway. Rather than pay a couple of turnpikes which separate him from Ledbury a man will go to the nearest railway-station, and take a ticket for some other town. While the country turnpikes offer these impediments to intercommunication, the trustees suffer the fate of the Danaides. They catch their tolls in sieves, which let the money run out almost as fast as it is poured in. Take, as an example, the England's Gate Trust, near Gloucester, of ten or twelve miles long. The trustees collect in tolls £280 a year, and they pay £110, or about 40 per cent., in clerks, surveyors, repairs of turnpike gates, and toll keepers. The consequence is that the trust is burdened with a debt of £2,600, and the ratepayers of the district have not only to pay toll, but repair the roads into the bargain. Are we not justified in calling such a system antiquated and barbarous?

Coming nearer home, we find that the making of new streets and the improvement of new districts have been greatly impeded by the manner in which the toll bars are disposed. Sir Joseph Paxton, who has a house at Sydenham, declares that "London, on the Surrey side, has been laid out in the worst possible manner, both for property and for the public, in order to converge the roads upon certain turnpikes which you must come through on that side." The Dulwich turnpike is another instance of the superstitious veneration for the "pike," whereby it would seem that men, houses, and land, exist for the turnpike gate instead of the converse. The trustees of Dulwich College, soon after the Crystal Palace was built, were asked to make new roads and give the public a better access to the Palace. There is at present a miserable road up the hill, with gradients of 1 in 12, 1 in 13, and 1 in 14, and they were asked to make two approaches, which would increase the value of their property very largely, by enabling them to build on each side of the road, and at the same time giving good gradients to the Crystal Palace. They refused, rather than abolish the turnpike gate, which, on gala days, causes so inconvenient a block to the Crystal Palace traffic. The consequence is, that no houses have been built on the other side of the turnpike except at the top of the hill, near the Crystal Palace; the residents in which houses, be it observed, do not come down the Dulwich-road at all. Sir Joseph Paxton points out that the trustees have begun to put their streets at right angles instead of making two beautiful approaches, which would increase the value of their property. They preserve the turnpike, which brings in about £500 a year, and they are losing an annual rental of between £3,000 and £4,000, which they might have derived from building-leases if there had been a good road along the beautiful oak-crowned hill that leads to the Crystal Palace.

The consolidation, or rather the abolition of trusts, and the substitution of a wider area of management would not only be attended by a great saving of expense, but by a vast improvement in the roads. Thirty or forty years ago our roads were improving, but since the invention of railways, partly owing to causes already adverted to, they have retrograded rather than improved. England is indeed behind South Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, in regard to road administration. In South Wales the trusts have been consolidated, and the toll gates materially reduced, while provision has been made for the extinction of debt. In Ireland every toll gate has been swept away. The repairs of the roads and the existing debts have been charged upon the rates of the counties and baronies, and the roads are placed under the supervision of the county surveyor. In Scotland the Royal Commissioners found that a vast improvement might be made in the turnpike system by doing away with the smaller trusts, and substituting a larger establishment area. Road Boards have been appointed in several counties, and a great stride in efficiency of management

was made when a surveyor was appointed for the whole county. Mr. M'Connell, the chief surveyor for the county of Mid-Lothian, receives a larger salary than had ever been paid before, but the highest skilled labour is cheapest in the end. Mr. M'Connell divides his charge into sub-districts for the sake of management; he appoints his deputies, and is responsible for their efficiency; and the result is that, although he has other counties under his charge, his roads are the best kept in Scotland. In Roscommon the county surveyor has 1,500 miles of road under his care. His salary is £500 a year, and he has three assistants at £50 a year each. The result of consolidating the management is that the roads in Ireland are kept in repair for about £10 per mile, while the outlay in England is £32 per mile. No doubt the material for the repair of the Irish roads is good and plentiful; labour also is cheaper, and the traffic less than in England. Still, the appointment of a skilled surveyor, and the wider area of management, sufficiently explain why the Irish system is more economical, as well as more efficient, than the English.

Toll gates might be for ever removed in the next session of Parliament without injustice to any class or vested interest. How this may be achieved we shall on a future occasion attempt to show. The first thing to be done is to awaken and inform the public mind in regard to the patchy and bit-by-bit administration of our principal roads, its wastefulness, its divided management, its irresponsibility, and its inefficiency. If England, like Ireland, were once to enjoy the advantages of a general and uniform system of road administration, a proposal to revert to the present plan of turnpike trusts and toll gates would stand as much chance of adoption as a plan for re-establishing the Saxon Heptarchy.

FEMALE GAMBLERS.

A LETTER from a popular newspaper correspondent on the other side of the Atlantic draws attention to the fact that American ladies are not exempt from the all-pervading passion for speculation. The independence of Transatlantic women, and the state of the law of property in America, doubtless increase the facility with which feminine gamblers in that country indulge their instincts by transactions in the railway market or elsewhere. But the truth is that a love of speculation is a weakness from which feminine natures are not exempt. In the throng that pressed round Hudson in the days of English railway jobbing, women were as conspicuous as men; and if we go still farther back to the era of the South Sea bubbles, we find still the same phenomenon. Baden-Baden itself is a sufficient testimony to the impartial manner in which a mania for tempting fortune rages among both sexes. The Russian princess may there be seen daily side by side with the adventuress of the Boulevard des Italiens. The paragraph which this week has gone the round of the journals relating to the successes of a Parisian actress at roulette, might probably with truth have gone on to state that the lady in question had conducted her operations in company with scores and scores of feminine roulette-players; and the cashiers of the Continental gaming-tables will know that the feminine player requires to be watched with even more diligence and care than anybody else. The cynical poet tells us that "every woman is at heart a rake." It would be more just to say, that when a woman has once broken through her natural instincts of reserve, love of excitement becomes the ruling passion of her life. Men have other means of indulging similar propensities. They have ambition, and if they have no field in which to gratify it, they have at all events the means of taking up a life of adventure. They can emigrate, travel, fight, discover the sources of the Nile, explore the Arabian peninsula in disguise, or enlist, upon occasion, under the banner of the Polish National Government, or of Garibaldi. Women have none of these openings; and when once the grand climacteric is passed, and they have been seriously and finally in love, speculation is a natural outlet for those who have the chance of speculating. In America, women possess this outlet if they choose to take it. A lady has the control of her own property, if she be married; if she is unmarried, she is, by the customs of society, to a considerable extent, her own mistress. The very atmosphere in which she exists encourages her in the artificial taste. Why should she not speculate, when everybody is speculating about her? The almighty dollar is the one topic of conversation from morning to night, which interests everyone she meets; and the one talisman, that has raised to power or fame everyone she knows. Her husband speculates, her father speculated, and as

soon as they have any money of their own, her children will speculate as well. The fortunes that she sees on all sides—springing up like plants in tropical climates—in the course of a single day have been won by speculation. Speculation is the mother of the splendid equipages which she watches rolling down Broadway. The luxurious banquet and entertainments on which polite society thrives evening after evening in the capital, all come from happy speculation. If speculation can give pleasures like these, she easily makes up her mind to plunge into the delicious vortex, and to commend her fortune to the care of chance.

An ingenious writer, a few months back, seriously contended, in an English periodical, that marriage settlements were a social and a domestic nuisance; that a woman's property ought to be left under her own control; and that the parents, who were willing to trust their daughter's happiness to the keeping of a lover, ought to be ready to entrust her purse as readily. The simple answer to the plausible theory is, that the object of marriage settlements is the security, not the investment, of the marriage portion. A father ties up his daughter's money, not because tying it up is the best means of putting it out to interest, but because he thus creates a certain reserve fund which guarantees her a moderate subsistence through all the chances and changes of her future life. He cannot guarantee her a husband's affection, but he can secure her against either a husband's imprudence or misfortune. But the state of American society affords another excellent example of the benefit of marriage settlements. The father-in-law might, perhaps, safely trust the integrity of the son-in-law; but what father, in money matters, would like to stake heavily upon the judgment or the prudence of a daughter? In cases in which the husband was engaged in speculation, his wife—if she had the power—would join him in his perilous enterprises, nine times out of ten. The game is one that would possess peculiar fascination for her. She would fix her eyes on the chances of success; she would either be ignorant of, or would ignore, the probabilities of failure. If left in the uncontrolled enjoyment of her own fortune, she might easily be tempted to enter the market on her own account. To say that the best women would abstain from such hazardous risks is to say very little. Social rules, like national laws, are not made for the restraint of the first models of the feminine sex; they are meant to tell upon women of limited judgment and character, and to keep them from actions that would bring misery, not merely on themselves, but on all around them. The highest specimens both of women and of men are a law, as the sacred writer says, unto themselves; but codes and conventionalities imply the existence of specimens of an inferior kind. It is an almost invariable rule that the worse a woman is, the more improvidence she displays in daily life. None are so extravagant in proportion to their means as those unhappy creatures who depend for their livelihood on the precarious favours of a libertine. The jewellers, the milliners, the carriage-makers, both in Paris and in London, know well what women are the most lavish of orders and the most extravagant in their caprices. They are the women who live in luxury to-day, but who may have to live in penury to-morrow. It is not too much to say of all but the best feminine natures that they are gamblers at heart. They gamble in their marriages, in their social connections, and even with their reputation. A man who looks before and after is no uncommon sight; but a woman who looks before and after is like the virtuous wife mentioned in the Proverbs—a jewel above all price.

In America, the rapidity with which fortunes are acquired, and the rate at which a fortune once acquired is enjoyed, at once stimulate and almost necessitate speculation. In England a man makes money for his children; in America he makes it for himself. The children are left at an early age to their own exertions; and laborious industry is not rendered a more engaging prospect by the sight of ephemeral and colossal fortunes appearing and vanishing in a day. It is not a pleasant thing for any community to feel that the character of its women suffers by the pursuits and habits of the brothers and the husbands. Yet the declension is a necessary consequence. To expect a nation of gamblers to preserve intact amongst them a pure and modest circle of wives and daughters, is to expect the laws of nature to contradict themselves. The instinct is implanted by nature in the feminine heart. It is nursed and fed by the habits and tone of American society; nor can we imagine a greater punishment for the speculators of New York, than to see their own foibles mirrored, and perhaps magnified, in the feminine portion of their own domestic circles. It is sometimes said that good women make good sons. It is equally true that bad husbands and brothers in the long-run make bad sisters and wives.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" AND MISS ROWLAND'S SOLICITOR.

WE regret to learn that some recent comments in the LONDON REVIEW on the subject of Haymarket attorneys have given annoyance to Mr. Johnson, the attorney for the plaintiff in the recent action of Rowland v. Poynder. It was not the intention of this journal to reflect either on the plaintiff in that action, or upon her attorney, of whose name, indeed, we were entirely ignorant; and we expressly disclaimed everything of the kind in the articles in question. As, in spite of such disclaimer, Mr. Johnson still seems to think that misconception is possible, we have only to repeat our statement that, neither directly nor indirectly, is the slightest imputation made upon him by the LONDON REVIEW, and that we are sorry that any general remarks of ours should have accidentally given pain to an individual to whom no remarks of the kind were meant to be applied.

CAPTURE OF MÜLLER.

FRANCIS MÜLLER was arrested at New York on the 24th ult., on the arrival there of the *Victoria*. What his chances of escape might have been had he sailed from Liverpool and met with favourable winds it is needless to discuss. Both his port of departure, the sluggishness of the vessel in which he sailed, and the constant succession of headwinds which she encountered, made his capture certain. But no shadow of suspicion seems to have fallen upon his mind that the officers of justice had passed him upon his way, and were waiting for him at his place of debarkation. Upon the voyage out he was generally sociable and agreeable, though sometimes disposed to be overbearing, to the verge of insolence. Indeed, on one occasion he was knocked down for calling one of his fellow-passengers a "liar and a robber." Curiously enough it seems to have been commonly remarked by the passengers during the voyage—in consequence of the bad weather and tedious passage—that the man who committed the murder on the railway was probably on board the *Victoria*; and the remark was made to Müller by his "room-mate," he assenting laughingly, as if ridiculing the superstition. Before reaching New York an excursion boat, crowded with a pleasure party from the city, met and passed the *Victoria*. Müller was standing with others watching the boat from the ship's quarter-deck; but when some of the excursionists, seeing the name of the vessel, called out, "How are you, Müller?" he either did not understand the allusion, or took no notice of it. By this time, however, Captain Champion had been apprised that he had a suspected murderer on board, and had put Müller under the strictest surveillance, without the knowledge of the other passengers. When the officers came on board the passengers were ranged in line in the cabin. Mr. Death the jeweller, and Matthews the cabman, at once identified Müller, and officer Tiemann, of New York, took him into custody. Müller at once denied that he was guilty of the murder; said he was not there, and that he could prove it. From this moment he became taciturn and gloomy. But upon his trunk being opened and searched the watch said to have been taken from Mr. Briggs and the hat supposed to have belonged to him were found. Müller is described by the reporter of the *New York World* as of small stature and slightly built. "He wore a dark tweed shooting-jacket, a dark waistcoat buttoned high up, and a white neck-tie, and has somewhat the appearance of an English ostler. His eyes are small, and so deeply set that at a few yards distance from him one can only see the shadow of the brows. The face is a narrow oval, and has neither whiskers nor moustache. The hair is quite light and is carefully combed. There is nothing about his appearance indicating any murderous propensity; on the contrary, he would pass anywhere for a quiet inoffensive person. He keeps his lips closely compressed, and betrays no signs of emotion."

SEWAGE OF TOWNS.

WE are gradually coming to a due appreciation of the claims of sewage. Hitherto we have done all in our power to get rid of it as a pest. Now we see that it is only our abuse of it that makes it so, and that Lord Palmerston was right when he said that there was no such thing as dirt; it was only something in its wrong place. We have polluted our streams and rivers, killed their fish, and poisoned the atmosphere, because we have put our sewage in a wrong place. An improved system of agriculture taxes the productiveness of the land so much, that though we fetch guano from afar, and rack our brains to produce artificial manures, we cannot repay the soil what we are taking from it, and the result will be that it will break down under the burden we impose upon it. Yet while we are scouring the earth for manure, bringing it to our shores at vast cost, we are letting the very best manure we can have flow into our rivers, driving it insanely away from us, wasting it with more prodigality than the prodigal wastes his gold. A hundred scientific witnesses have warned us against our folly; practical farmers have shown what a boon this sewage is to the earth, and the only men who encourage us to squander it are the artificial manure makers, who have, no doubt, their own reasons for the advice they give us. Why have we listened to these men? If we can lay on sewage as we lay on water—and why not?—and invigo-

rate our fields with it, the artificial-manure men will be driven out of the market, and be, for all purposes of pounds, shillings, and pence, nowhere. The question is, can this be done? Can we utilize sewage? or, with more than thirty millions of people in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, must we still invoke the sea-fowl of South America and Africa to send us supplies of guano?

Now this question was the subject of anxious investigation before a select committee of the House of Commons, which, so to speak, sat upon sewage during the months of May, June, and July last. After such an incubation it would be strange if they could not tell us something about this commodity. Plans had been submitted to the Metropolitan Board of Works; those plans were examined by the committee, and the whole subject, investigated by the light of evidence from a perfect host of witnesses. From an early paragraph in their report, we conclude that one cardinal point in which the committee was interested was the power of pumping up to a given height an enormous flood of sewage for distribution by gravitation. Up from Cornwall came engineers of the highest reputation, summoned to give evidence upon the possibility of this feat, and upon its expense, supposing it lay within the resources of art. Then evidence was taken as to the prices of the mains and pipes for conveyance and distribution of the sewage over the land after it had been pumped into an elevated reservoir, and the estimated cost of laying them down and jointing them. After all this the committee say they have "come to the conclusion that it is not only possible to utilize the sewage of towns by conveying it in a liquid state through mains and pipes to the country, but that such an undertaking may be made to result in pecuniary benefit to the ratepayers of the towns whose sewage is thus utilized. That benefit," the report goes on to say, "may in a few years be greatly increased; for the amount of artificial manures is even at present insufficient, and the sources whence some of the most important are obtained will in a few years be exhausted."

Here we have the whole case in a nutshell. We are wasting what we are pining for—throwing away the means of wealth, nay, converting it into a source of epidemic. We have only to make a different use of it and we shall reverse all this. So much at least has been proved. How long it will be before we profit by the lesson is another matter.

THE HOSPITAL CONVENTION.

ANYTHING that can be done to lessen the horrors of war must command the sympathy of all civilized nations, nor could any subject more worthily engage the attention of an international congress. The Congress at Geneva has devoted itself, we believe, wholly to this question, and its labours have resulted in ten resolutions adopted and signed under reserve of ratification by the representatives of Belgium, Baden, Denmark, Spain, France, Havre, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Prussia, Switzerland, and Würtemberg. These regulations are undoubtedly well devised to protect the sick and wounded in time of war, since they provide that ambulances and hospitals which have no military guard, shall be regarded as neutrals, and as such protected and respected. This provision includes all employes and inhabitants of the country who give help to the wounded, houses into which the wounded are taken, whose owners are not to be billeted upon, nor subjected to war contributions. This is the general scope of the resolutions, which go on to regulate certain details, such as that the wounded or sick shall be taken care of, no matter to what nation they belong; that those will be sent to their homes, who, after being cured, are deemed incapable of further service; that others may be sent home on condition of not resuming arms during the war; that escorts on this service shall be respected as neutrals; that the commander-in-chief have power to hand over to the enemy's outposts the wounded during the combat when circumstances permit, and with the consent of both parties. As it seems but too certain that war will retain its footing amongst the nations, and, from the improvement of weapons of offence, will be more destructive than ever, these resolutions are welcome, though it says much for the savage nature of war that they should be necessary.

BELFAST AND ITS POLICE.

WE said that good would probably arise from the late riots, and already we see an instalment of reform which savours of common-sense. Clearly it has hitherto been in the power of any mob to set Belfast at defiance, interrupt its business, smash its windows, and disgrace it in the eyes of Ireland. Partly, this has been, no doubt, owing to a rabid sectarianism, which seems, in its flight from every other part of the three kingdoms, to have fixed upon Belfast as its grand rallying-point. But partly, also, it has resulted from the inadequate police force at the disposal of the authorities. The Town Council sees that now. It might have seen it all along, had it been a wise Town Council. A man who takes into his stomach food that will tax his digestion, should first ascertain that his digestion is equal to the work. Sandy-row and the Pound would be a sore tax on the digestive powers—in other words, the police—of any town, much more of one so weakly provided as Belfast.

There are two ways of dealing with the religious prejudices of a mob. First, you may reduce their virulence by the good example of the upper classes. Belfast does not choose to do that. The spirit of Sandy-row and the Pound is found in comfortable

parlours, in luxurious drawing-rooms. So far as example goes, Belfast superior preaches to Belfast inferior the lesson of bigotry. This first resource, then, for peace and quietness being cut off, the thriving Irish town must fall back upon the second—a strong police—to put down at once, and effectually, those bursts of bigotry which Sandy-row and the Pound have learned from the genteel quarters of the town. This the Town Council have resolved to do, if the Executive will help them. The committee of magistrates have recommended that the police force should be increased to 400 men, and reorganized on the principle of the London and Dublin police, Belfast paying one-half of the expense, and the Consolidated Fund the other. It is to be hoped that no objection will be raised on the part of the Government to this measure. If we cannot make Belfast wise, let us make her strong.

THE ANNUAL ORATIONS AT CHRIST CHURCH HOSPITAL.

ON the 21st instant, being St. Matthew's Day, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs will attend divine service at Christ Church, Newgate-street, where a sermon will be preached by the Rev. W. Haig Brown, LL.D., Head Master of the Charterhouse, late Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge; after which they will proceed to the Great Hall of Christ's Hospital, to hear the orations delivered by the Senior Scholars, according to annual custom. The following is the programme:—Prologue—Latin Iambics; W. J. Farrer, 3rd Grecian. Greek Oration on "The Benefits of the Royal Hospitals"—A. Bovell, 4th Grecian. Latin Oration on the same subject—A. R. Dawson, 9th Grecian. English Oration on the same subject—L. L. Sharkey, 1st Grecian. French Oration on the same subject—R. H. Hughes, 5th Grecian.

After which the following translations from English Poets will be recited:—Greek Sapphics—"Isles of Greece;" J. E. Farnell, 6th Grecian. Latin Elegiacs—"The Pauper's Death-bed;" R. Lee, 10th Grecian. Greek Iambics—from "Hamlet;" D. L. Scott, 8th Grecian. Latin Alcaics—"The Rocky Islet;" A. E. Hodgson, 11th Grecian. Greek Hexameters—from "Paradise Lost;" J. E. Hewison, 7th Grecian. There will also be two original poems in Latin and in English, not yet adjudged.

THE LAST HOURS OF PRINCE ALBERT.—There has reached us from abroad a most interesting extract from a letter which was written by a member of the Queen's household shortly after the death of Prince Albert. The extremely confidential position which the writer held at the time not only gives the assurance of perfect reliability, but invests the following lines with a very special interest. After describing the grief and fears of the whole household for the Queen, the writer speaks of the personal loss sustained in the death of Prince Albert:—"How I shall miss his conversation about the children! He used often to come into the schoolroom to speak about the education of the children, and he never left me without my feeling that he had strengthened my hands and raised the standard I was aiming at. Nothing mean or frivolous could exist in the atmosphere that surrounded him; the conversation could not be trifling if he was in the room. I dread the return of spring for my dear lady. It was his favourite time of the year—the opening leaves, the early flowers, and fresh green were such a delight to him; and he so loved to point out their beauties to his children that it will be terrible to see them without him. The children kept his table supplied with primroses, which he especially loved. The last Sunday he passed on earth was a very blessed one for the Princess Alice to look back upon. He was very ill and very weak, and she spent the afternoon alone with him, while the others were in church. He begged to have his sofa drawn to the window, that he might see the sky and the clouds sailing past. He then asked her to play to him, and she went through several of his favourite hymns and chorals. After she had played some time, she looked round and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep. Presently he looked up and smiled. She said, 'Were you asleep, dear papa?' 'Oh no,' he answered; 'only I have such sweet thoughts.' During his illness, his hands were often folded in prayer; and when he did not speak, his serene face showed that the 'happy thoughts' were with him to the end. The Princess Alice's fortitude has amazed us all. She saw from the first that both her father and mother's firmness depended on her firmness, and she set herself to the duty. He loved to speak openly of his condition, and had many wishes to express. He loved to hear hymns and prayers. He could not speak to the Queen of himself, for she could not bear to listen, and shut her eyes to the danger. His daughter saw that she must act differently, and she never let her voice falter or shed a single tear in his presence. She sat by him, listened to all he said, repeated hymns, and then, when she could bear it no longer, would walk calmly to the door, and then rush away to her room, returning soon with the same calm and pale face without any appearance of the agitation she had gone through. I have had several interviews with the poor Queen since. The first time she said, 'You can feel for me, for you have gone through this trial.' Another time she said how strange it seemed, when she looked back, to see how much for the last six months the Prince's mind had dwelt upon death and the future state; their conversation had so often turned upon these subjects, and they had read together a book called 'Heaven our Home,' which had interested him very much. He once said to her, 'We don't know in what state we shall meet again! but that we shall recognise each other and be together in eternity I am perfectly certain.' It seemed as if it had been intended to prepare her mind and comfort her—though of course it did not strike her then. She said she was a wonder to herself, and she was sure it was in answer to the prayers of her people that she was so sustained. She feared it would not last, and that times of

agony were before her. She said, 'There's not the bitterness in this trial that I felt when I lost my mother—I was so rebellious then; but now I can see the mercy and love that are mixed in my trial.' Her whole thought now is to walk worthy of him, and her greatest comfort to think that his spirit is always near her, and knows all that she is doing."—*Northern Whig*.

RECKLESS BATHERS.—A somewhat singular occurrence took place at Tynemouth on Wednesday last. It appears that a young lady, the daughter of a medical gentleman, entered one of the numerous bathing machines on the Long Sands. The young lady, on entering the machine, was duly cautioned by the owner, and also on her alighting in the sea, of the risk she would necessarily run by venturing too far out at that particular state of the tide and sea. Nothing daunted, however, she rushed heedlessly on, regardless of the shouts of her adviser, who, at length, when he found that persuasive measures were quite unavailing, mounted a horse, whip in hand, and rode to her rescue, threatening at the same time to apply it to the lady's shoulders, should she still persist in risking her life in the manner above stated, on which she hastily returned to the machine to dress, on making her exit from which she intimated that it would certainly be the last time she would patronise his bathing machines. Although so recently as Sunday last Mr. Falconer lost his life on the same sands, and his body has not yet been recovered, nothing will deter some people. The owner of the machine certainly had not recourse to the most refined measures by which to deter the fair bather; but there can be little doubt that her parents and relations would have infinitely preferred her having received a sound whipping rather than have heard of her death by drowning owing to her own folly and indiscretion. —*Berwick Journal*.

EIGHT NEW CRUISERS FOR THE CONFEDERATES.—A despatch, dated Baltimore, August 20, which arrived in Liverpool by the *Persia*, says:—"A German mechanic, who has been employed for over two years in the Confederate navy department in the construction of iron-clad vessels, states there are two vessels at Wilmington, North Carolina, ready to run the blockade. They carry 24-pounders, and are covered with 4-inch iron. Each vessel carries four guns. There are also two vessels at Kingston, North Carolina. One of them is named the *Moose*. She carries 24-pounders, and is to be commanded by Captain T. F. Lloyd, of the Confederate States navy. There are also two vessels in the Pedee River, north of Georgetown, both of which will be ready for duty in about a month, and one of them, perhaps, sooner. One of them is called the *Pedee*, Lieutenant Morgan, Confederate States navy, commanding. The other is called the *Marion*, to which no officer has been appointed as yet. Both these vessels are clad with iron four inches thick, and each carries four guns, 24-pounders. There is one iron-clad building at Plymouth, North Carolina. Her armour is twelve inches in thickness, and she is to be ready for sea in two months. She is to carry 12-pounder guns, and will be named the *Albemarle*. This German also reports a new gunboat getting ready in Richmond, which will be coated with 4-inch plates. One singular feature about the armament of these vessels is, that not one of them carries guns of a heavier calibre than 24-pounders."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN BRAZIL.—A letter from Rio, August 8, says:—"The public have been shocked by a most revolting business in Taiz da Fora (Minas Seraes), where an English lady has been horsewhipped in the streets by a slave, who was employed by his master, one of the Brazilian upper classes, to do this. The lady's name is Cerqueira Luna, widow of a Brazilian diplomatic minister. She is poor, and has been educating young ladies. A trumpety quarrel between her son and a young Brazilian, living in Taiz da Fora, caused a relative of this last to send a strong black, a slave, to horse-whip young Luna. His screams brought out his poor old mother, and the slave horsewhipped her also. Many Brazilians were present, but from fear and terror of the powerful black no one interfered bodily; one is said to have called out to the black to stop, and the slave then turned upon him. It was about 3 p.m., and in the high street. The British Consul has taken up the matter earnestly; the English lady, a widow, is entitled to English protection. It is said that the Emperor has expressed his determination that justice shall be done in this horrid affair; the family of the slave's master is powerful, and you know already that the rule here is that money and power can procure an acquittal. This affair, I think, will excite a sensation in England."

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—The Emperor and Prince Imperial, Prince Napoleon, and Prince Humbert of Italy are safely housed at St. Cloud. The Imperial Prince rose after dinner at the camp, and addressing the colonel of the 97th said, "Mon colonel, I come to report myself. I have orders to join your regiment. Shall I fall in at once?" His Imperial Highness also "added to the harmony of the evening" by volunteering a song. He gave them—

"Tiens, voici ma pipe, voilà mon briquet;
Et quand La Tulipe fait le noir trajet,
Que tu sois la seule dans le régiment
Avec la brûle-gueule de ton cher amant,"

with great applause. If "entering young" makes a soldier, Napoleon IV. should be worthy of his great historic name.—*Paris Letter in the Daily Telegraph*.

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.—The Duke of B— was travelling by rail last week, and the sole occupant of a first-class carriage, when, at an intervening station, another passenger got in in a hurry. No sooner did he perceive that there was but one passenger in the carriage than he called out pretty lustily, "Guard, guard, let me out!" The train, however, started immediately, and the stranger dropped into his seat, looking exceedingly nervous, and ventured at length to say, "It's rather an awkward thing travelling with only one man nowadays." The duke, whose frank and open countenance might satisfy the most suspicious, appreciated the joke, but did not take the advantage of it he fairly might, and replied, good-naturedly, "Well, if you are not afraid of me I am not afraid of you."

A NOVEL EXCUSE.—At the Middlesex Sessions on Monday, Joseph Pourri, who had been summoned to serve on the jury, claimed exemption on the ground that he was a foreigner, unable to speak English, and also that he had to feed with his mouth 500 young pigeons, and that if he were engaged as a jurymen they would die directly, as there was no other man in this country could feed them as he could. Mr. Payne said it was a strange excuse, and exempted him on the ground of his being unable to speak English.

The marriage is announced as about to take place of M. d'Erlanger, banker and consul-general for Greece at Frankfort, with Miss Slidell, youngest daughter of the representative at Paris of the Confederate States of America.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—A few weeks ago I addressed a letter to you on the subject of some alterations in St. Alban's Abbey, which appeared to me, as one of the outer public, unnecessary, and in bad taste. I frankly admitted that I might be mistaken in that judgment, and I expressed a hope that some one competent to speak on such a matter with authority would assure the laity that the repairs alluded to were really needed for the preservation of a most interesting relic of antiquity. Hereupon, "J. H." steps forward in a mood of virtuous indignation, and, with much flourishing of trumpets, gives me a lecture on grammar, which, judging from his style of composition, I should say he knows very little about; on manners, of which he evidently knows still less; and on the excellence of restorations generally, which will not help the particular case under consideration. I want to know whether the rebuilding of the buttresses—or the buttress, if it is to stop with the one already completed—was a necessary work, or merely something prompted by a love of smartness? appearances being in favour of the latter supposition, though, of course, appearances are sometimes deceptive; and "J. H." can only assure me, in blundering phraseology, that "it is very probable that the question as to the stability of the buttresses has been probably referred to some one who is able to give an opinion on the matter," and "that it is very unlikely that if the restoration had been undertaken merely for 'the sake of making the building look smart and pretty,' that the buttresses, which are so essentially a constructive and not a decorative feature, would have been selected for this purpose." I would remark, by the way, that, in Gothic architecture, buttresses are a decorative as well as a constructive feature; but what I am chiefly concerned to show is that the "probable probabilities" and "not unlikely" of an unknown "J. H." are no answer to the doubts I expressed. Nor can I derive much satisfaction, as regards this especial matter, from "J. H.'s" asseverations that the rector of St. Alban's is a very worthy and accomplished gentleman, and has written an admirable guide-book. I am most willing to believe that it is so, and that he takes a deep interest in the well-being of his church; but this does not prove that the rebuilding of the buttress or buttresses was necessary and proper. "J. H." blames me for doubting the invariable good taste of restorations; yet he himself says that "there is scarce a district in England, turn wherever you may, where you may light upon some church cleared of the whitewash that had disfigured it for generations, the monuments reverently restored, the paving repaired, the sleeping-boxes removed and benches substituted, stained glass replaced where practicable, and the whole edifice made at once more cheerful, more comfortable, and more suitable for public worship." I suppose he means that "there is scarce [ly] a district in England where you may not light upon some church," &c.; but a writer who is so particular about grammar as to object to the phrase "it may have happened"—for what reasons I am at a loss to conceive—ought to be a little more exact in his own composition.

It is possible that "J. H." may be an universal genius; but, until he gives me some better proofs of his acquirements in architecture and grammar, I must regard his dissertations on those subjects as the innocent, but not instructive, prattling of a gentleman who loves to hear himself talk.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Sept. 5th, 1864.

A LOVER OF ANTIQUITY.

THE COMING WINTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In the interests of meteorological science I ask the favour of a small portion of your valuable space for a few remarks on the character of next winter.

I anticipate frost from the 12th to the 15th of December (severe on 13th), and again from the 17th to the 23rd or 24th (severe on 19th). A fall of temperature on the 8th or 9th of January, 1865, followed by frost (severe about the 19th). Frost again from the 13th or 14th of February (at intervals) to 3rd or 4th of March. The following periods will be marked by more or less atmospheric disturbance:—

Sept. 10, 22 to 26, 28 to 30.
Oct. 4, 14, 22, 23, 27, 29.
Nov. 9, 10, 18, 21, 26, 27, 30.
Dec. 1 to 5, 13, 19, 22, 26, 30.
Jan. (1865) 8, 19.
Feb. 3, 11, 25.
March 16 to 22, 27, 28.
April 16, 17.

I look for very heavy rain on the 9th and 10th of this month (Sept.)—waterspouts in some places.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

London, Sept. 3, 1864.

ALFRED J. PEARCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A Locker-on. We do not insert anonymous correspondence.

THE CHURCH.

THE CHURCH IN THE NAVY.

"It is one of those things no fellah can understand," why every half-starved curate does not rush to the Admiralty and accept £182. 10s. per annum and a ship's cabin without rent or taxes. In 1812 the Admiralty, through an order in Council, complained that, some way or other, £40 a year curates of moderately good character could not be induced to join the navy for love or money. Yet the latter inducement was increased, and £161. 8s. held out to all needy curates, the only condition being that they should be in priest's orders, and be "decent and sober" on shipboard. Another order in Council, in 1820, recounts that these easy conditions were found too much, and that sufficient clergymen could not be procured; so it lowers the terms, and enjoins "deacon's orders" to be good enough for sailors. However, £161. 8s. per annum, besides schooling allowances and deacon's orders, did not secure enough men, nor of the right sort, and, in 1835, "priest's orders" were required again. The popular estimate of the naval parson of those days is not very high. Good or bad, however, the list never could be filled up. For some good reason, no doubt, poor curates preferred poverty and overwork on shore to comparative affluence and idleness afloat. Many ships went without chaplains altogether, and perhaps, considering all things, it was just as well they did. The Russian war did what other inducements failed to do: it attracted many good clergymen into the navy, and the list was filled up. Several of these having subsequently resigned, we now find that £182. 10s. a year, together with about £140 tuition money, if qualified for naval instructor, fails to attract either sufficient men or of the right sort into the service. Several ships of war are without clergymen, the senior chaplains decline to serve, and during the last four years not a single man holding University degrees has been added to the list. There is no effect without a cause, and there is no use in naval officers shutting their eyes to the fact that the best University men think the navy "hardly respectable." There are 126 clergymen on the Navy List holding University degrees, and yet we are told that these chaplains are, as a rule, of no use on board ship.

Surely there must be a cause for this state of things. The naval clergy themselves evince certain upheaving symptoms which show that there is something wrong. Newspapers of every school of theology, and those devoted to the navy, have been teeming with articles on the subject, all going to prove that there is something wrong, and that it is not without reason that our hardworking £80 a year curates decline the Admiralty bait. A recent article in the *Army and Navy Review* goes at some length into the question of religion afloat; but, though a very interesting leaves and readable chapter in contemporary naval history, it untouched the real sore. It is exceedingly difficult to discover why clergymen, who are useful elsewhere, are, as naval officers tell us, useless on board ships of war? Why do good men and true fight shy of the Queen's service? May not this uselessness be at the bottom of this reluctance? Most men of spirit aspire to make their mark on their times, and, whilst health, strength, and middle age are theirs, look not for slothful idleness, but for a life of energetic labour and useful toil, leading to honourable distinction and ultimate advancement. The naval clergy say their idleness is not their own doing—that it is enforced. It is said that there is no element of hope in their career. The indifferent and the zealous, the clever and the dull, both row in the same boat, both reach the same goal, £292 a year after seventeen years' actual service, *i. e.*, at the age of forty-five. Nay, more, it is said that those who qualify for naval instructors, and receive about £320 a year on first entry, lose emolument, when experience or zeal in spiritualities qualify them for one of the many much-desired home appointments, inasmuch as they fall, *volens nolens*, by seniority into the single office and reduced pay. So that, in fact, if a doubtful reputation relegates a senior chaplain to a corvette on the South American station, he receives about £430 a year, whilst his more blameless compeer is rewarded by a coast-guard ship and £292. We don't think this is a read-money question, so much as a prospective increase in proportion to age, experience, and meritorious services. The real drawback we believe to be, that the best men will not submit to a position in which they are compelled to be almost useless, and in which there is not a vestige of hope that the most consummate talents, the most unwearying industry, or the most unselfish sacrifices, could by any remote possibility eventuate in the smallest increase of influence or relative advancement.

We can well understand that, in 1812 and 1820, naval morals were a stumbling-block to the entry of many good men. In 1864 morality is somewhat improved, and officers are, as a rule, gentlemen; and to be a gentleman means, nowadays, to be considerate of the feelings of others. Therefore no good clergyman has reasonable cause of complaint on that ground. But we can well understand that the constant society of a naval mess, without an opportunity of daily retirement, must be very prejudicial to the clerical spirit. True, the chaplain has a sleeping cabin, similar to the other officers, but the place is usually unsuited to "a study." It is a dark, ill-ventilated cell, which is not meant to live in daily, but to sleep in nightly. The *Royal Oak*, despite the name, is an *iron-clad* in the Mediterranean. Her cabins have no scuttles, no daylight, no ventilation but through the doorway. With the thermometer at 90°, the clergyman retires to this cell to write his sermon, lights two candles at mid-day, strips to his flannel, and in a bath of perspira-

tion hurries through his task to escape into fresh air and daylight as soon as possible.

For all practical purposes, we may say that the clergyman must live the whole day, and every day, in the company of his young messmates. Retirement and study at intervals are generally found essential to fostering the clerical spirit. This, naval men cannot understand. They say (incorrectly, however,) that the chaplain's cabin is as good as that of other officers. But they forget that other officers never dream of studying, and seldom of even writing in their sleeping cabins. Those who have such duties to perform are provided with daylight offices, and we suppose that in the enlarged ships of the present day a sort of vestry-room might be fitted for the chaplain to study and to receive inquirers. At the Universities this evil is talked of and objected to. Whether the objections of the best men to accepting naval chaplaincies are sound, or whether naval officers correctly estimate the services of the present men or not, one thing is certain, that naval chaplaincies are of little account in the market. Something must be wrong, and the sooner that something is made right the better for our seamen, for the Queen's service, and for the country.

THE CHURCH INSTITUTION IN IRELAND.

An obstacle has suddenly sprung up to the introduction of the Church Institution into Ireland. If the interpretation put on the law by counsel be correct, the absence of this society, though a defensive one, from the Emerald Isle, is as essential to the peace of Irishmen as the absence of a volunteer force. The Church Institution was founded in 1856 for the defence of the Church from the attacks of the Anti-State Church Association and the Liberation Society. As its circular published last month states, it "is not in any way a political body. It is formed with no view of meddling in party questions, but simply for the purpose of uniting Churchmen of all shades of political opinion in defence of the Church." Now it appeared most desirable, in order to strengthen a defensive body of this kind, to have the co-operation of the Irish branch of the Established Church, especially as that branch was itself attacked, and both together could therefore make a common cause. For this purpose Mr. Henry Hoare, the eminent banker of this city, went over to Ireland in the spring of the present year; and the result was a movement among the Irish clergy, supported by several of their bishops, for establishing branches of the institution in that country. Two affiliated associations were immediately organized, one in the rural deanery of Randalstown, in Antrim, and the other in Ballin-garry, in Limerick. The work has, however, been now brought to a stand-still, in consequence of a question having been raised whether such organizations are contrary to the Convention Act of 1793 (33 Geo. III., c. 29). The difficulty arises from the Church Institute being a *representative* body. Its council is composed of delegates chosen to represent rural deaneries, cathedral and collegiate chapters, and other associations of clergy and laity in the kingdom; and these delegates meet in London to take measures for the defence of the Church. The question, then, is whether the act of electing such representatives in Ireland would subject the electors to the penalties of the Convention Act, and whether the representatives so elected could legally act in London. The Convention Act enacts that all assemblies, committees, or other bodies of persons so elected (excepting Members of Parliament), or assuming or exercising authority, to represent any number of people of this realm under pretence of petitioning for or procuring an alteration of matters established by law in Church and State, are unlawful assemblies. Would the representatives of Irish rural deaneries then be an unlawful assembly? The question has been submitted to Mr. Robert Warren, an eminent Queen's Counsel of Dublin; and the opinion which he has given is to the effect that the electors who in any part of Ireland should take part in the election of a representative of an Irish rural deanery, would be guilty of a misdemeanour; but that the gentlemen elected, without co-operation or canvass on their part, could legally act in London, as the Convention Act is inoperative as to anything done out of Ireland.

This opinion has, of course, created no little alarm among the Irish clergy. But, notwithstanding the weight to be attached to Mr. Warren's opinion, there is reason to believe that he is mistaken. The opinion has in fact taken the Irish lawyers by surprise. Another Dublin barrister, Dr. Launcelot Studdert, has written to one of the Dublin papers, disputing its accuracy. He points out that, the object of the Church Institution being purely defensive, its operations cannot be brought under the description of "*procuring alterations* in the law as established in Church and State." He contends that such an interpretation of the law would make Irish Convocation, were it revived, an unlawful assembly; and he appeals, in confirmation of his views, to the opinion given by one of the highest authorities at the Irish bar, Dr. Stephens, as to the convocation of the Province of Armagh, that its revival and assembling would be perfectly lawful, and that, when assembled, it might even proceed to petition Parliament for changes in the law. The question, it will be thus seen, is a most important one. It is above all things desirable that the Irish Church should be brought within the field of operation of this Institution; and no effort should be spared to ascertain in what way and under what conditions this can be done. We feel confident, also, that it will be done. The difficulty is only momentary. It is absurd to suppose that a defence association could be brought under the

penalties of an Act originally intended to prevent revolution. The obstacle which has given a momentary check to this defensive movement will, we feel confident, soon disappear; and then, we trust, the Church Institution will be conspicuous, not by its absence, but by a most useful presence, in Ireland.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" ON DR. MARSH.

CYNICISM in sacred things is a luxury which any person may enjoy in these free-thinking days at a small cost. All that is necessary is to set forth the little exaggerations in which even the best men will sometimes indulge in the most ludicrous light, and to ignore altogether their excellences and the good work which they may have done. Nobody can doubt that the friends of the late Dr. Marsh overstepped the bounds of moderation in the hymn of praise they raised over him, and the zeal with which they scattered about the world his last fragmentary utterances. It was, to say the least of it, a weakness. But, after all, there was nothing in the most extravagant of their tributes of affection which deserved to be condemned as attempts at an "apotheosis" of Dr. Marsh; neither was there any just grounds on which his last words should be stigmatized as "apostolic messages to the clergy." The *Saturday Review*, in an article of last week, under the heading of "Acta Sanctorum," has pronounced against Dr. Marsh and his friends a cruel condemnation. It was hard enough on these friends in moments of sorrow; but to rake up the past, present, and future of Dr. Marsh himself was a gross violation of good taste and an indecent breach of that rule *de mortuis* which even the most unmerciful of literary critics ordinarily observe. The *Saturday* has combined all the powers of grammatical, theological, and moral criticism in one great effort to throw contempt on these people. It was scarcely necessary to raise the theological question, whether Dr. Marsh is now in heaven, or will not be there until after the Resurrection. It was not charitable nor fair to insinuate that he obtained Beddington by the purchase of the presentation. The thing is most improbable in itself, considering the great age at which Dr. Marsh was appointed; and besides, we feel confident, from Dr. Marsh's character, that he would never have consented to obtain the position by an act of the kind. We have ourselves pointed out the true reason of his appointment, and there could, according to that view, have been nothing wrong in his accepting that parish. But the worst violation of good taste we have to complain of is the criticism of the grammar of Dr. Marsh's dying words. But here the *Saturday Review* has made an ugly blunder. The expression, "They shall joy and praise in eternity," is not ungrammatical. The word "joy" is used as a verb in the best English writers, in Milton, and in Shakespeare; and it is the language of the Bible itself. "We also joy in God," says St. Paul, "through faith in Jesus Christ." From whom, if not from a clergyman, and he on his death-bed, should an expression so scriptural be sooner expected? The objection betrays a strange ignorance of Scripture. This single instance is enough to show to what extent, even to blundering, the cynical spirit will carry those who delight in its bitterness.

THE MAYOR AND HIS PRIEST.

WHO shall describe the hardships and trials of an Irish mayor? The dignity of his position as the high secular authority of his town demands that he should encourage every good work, and be the patron of science, of art, of music, and of education. His presence should grace every public effort to promote the social well-being of his townsmen; and, should at any time such a thing as a school examination be held within the sphere of his dominion, it is most desirable that the little ones should hear from his lips some words of encouragement to urge them on in the race of knowledge. And yet the mayor, if he profess the creed of the majority of Irishmen, must be a faithful and an obedient son of his Church. Another of his difficulties is that, being usually a man of business, a merchant, and thriving as such, he is yet not sufficiently independent to condemn a public opinion whose pressure may be brought to bear inconveniently on him, should he err on any serious point. Great as an Irish Catholic mayor may be, there is another functionary in his town who wields a greater, and, in certain phases, a more terrific authority, under the uplifted arm of which even mayors may tremble. If the parish padre commands, what true son of the Church dare disobey? Keeping these peculiarities of Irish municipal rule in mind, there will be no difficulty in conceiving the completeness and the depth of the humiliation which the present Mayor of the town of Wexford has suffered by his late submission to ecclesiastical authority, and the halo of glory with which the self-sacrifice has crowned him. Of all forms of education in Ireland that imparted in a Model National School is the very perfection and pattern of impartial justice. Not only has no case of proselytism been ever proved against these Model Schools, but proselytism is impossible in them. The Mayor of Wexford is evidently a liberal man. He thought to himself that, if anywhere, surely in one of these excellent schools he might, by his goodly presence, encourage education. But the Mayor was mistaken; he was culpably ignorant in matters relating to his Church, and he has been pulled up by his priest. Though an obedient son of the Church, he has not been an attentive or a learned son. He was ignorant, when he entered the Wexford Model School, of the interdict against the education there given, pronounced by his own bishop. He had forgotten the pastorals of Paul Cullen and of the whole Catholic

hierarchy of Ireland, condemning the National system of Education, and particularly Model Schools. He had never heard, as he should have heard, of the anathemas hurled against them by the Synod of Thurles. He therefore erred. But the Mayor of Wexford is a candid and an honest man; he has acknowledged his fault, made submission to his priest, cried "Peccavi," and eaten the leek. He has, as a matter of course, received absolution. He will also receive a blessing; his business, whether soft goods, hard goods, or any of the many staves of life, will prosper as it never prospered before. And young men and maidens, old men and children, will point at him in the streets, and say, "There goes the honest and independent Mayor of Wexford."

THE CONGRESS OF MALINES.

THIS Congress of ecclesiastics has produced some rare fruit. It was quite natural that it should open with much enthusiasm for the Pope, and with cries of "Vive Pio Nono, vive le Pape Roi!" An address to his Holiness from so august an assembly was a duty, and an act of filial reverence, without which there would have been a huge hiatus in its proceedings. To earnest advocacy by ecclesiastics of the opinions they are honestly attached to nobody who advocates civil liberty can consistently object; but beyond this margin there are some matters at which the most devoted Anglican son of the Roman Church may justly shake his head in doubt. Imagine, at some gathering on English soil, the Abbé de Woelmont of Namur, almoner to the Pontifical Zouaves, informing heads of families that the best means to avoid anxiety or sickness in a family is to make some member of it enlist in the Pontifical Zouaves. How people would open their eyes at the Bristol Congress were Dr. Pusey in this style to do the Pope Militant! Conceive Dr. McNeile, at the Ipswich Congress, solemnly telling his hearers, as Father Herman, the converted Jew and Carmelite monk, did at Malines with the reverse colouring, that, when the convicted *Flowery Land* pirates were cut down after the late execution at Newgate, the Protestant criminal presented an ecstatic serenity of countenance which betokened his immediate admission into heaven, while the three Roman Catholics grimaced horribly, and in their countenances betrayed their apprehension of hell fire. And last, but most positively not least in extravagance, absurdity, and blunder, picture any English clergyman (for we would not venture to name any particular one in connection with such an act) proposing anywhere, as Father Felix did in a speech worthy of any after-dinner ovation, "a Cheer for Jesus Christ"—"Vive Jesus Christ!" Dr. Manning may pronounce our criticism on such things "blasphemy;" but the best response to Father Felix's blasphemy was the unanimous but unconsciously sarcastic cry of the assembled divines, "Vive le Père Felix."

THE DEAN OF BRISTOL.—The *Western Morning News* says that the facts as to the grounds on which Archdeacon Denison refused to attend the Bristol Congress are simply these. Many years ago, in the old time before the Divorce Court, the House of Lords was occupied in hearing a very scandalous case of adultery. The suitor in this case obtained a separation from her husband, and resuming her maiden name attached to it the matron's prefix, and lived in a country house between Bath and Bristol. Here she became the centre of a literary coterie, and was a frequent contributor to the magazines at a time when it was not as now a rare thing to meet with a person who had not written in the monthlies. In the neighbouring city of Bristol there resided a dignitary of one of the old Whig families—Dean Elliot, to wit—who, before Lord Shaftesbury became chief Bishop-maker, was booked for a mitre. Lord John Russell's colleagues seemed, however, to think that he had done enough for the Elliots with one *t*, as well as the Elliots with two *t*'s, and so the Very Reverend Gilbert Elliot did not become Right Reverend, but had to content himself with the less lucrative office of Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation. Having become well advanced in years, and having long passed that age at which, according to our present notions, clergymen are fit to become bishops, Dean Elliot resolved to solace himself with a wife, and chose the wealthy *divorcée* aforesaid, to whom he was married about a year ago. The match caused no little scandal at Bristol; and now Archdeacon Denison, finding that the Dean is going to take part in the Church Congress, declares that he will have nothing to do with it, for he cannot associate himself with one who holds that the law of the land allows him to break the law of the Church.

AN AWKWARD MADONNA MIRACLE.—The ecclesiastical authorities of Madrid have been lately confounded by a miracle which, it is alleged, the Madonna has performed rather to the disadvantage of the Church. A soldier of that city, being found in possession of a golden cup which had lain for some time as a votive offering on one of the many altars of the Virgin, was cited before the police-court, and accused of its theft. This son of Mars was not, however, at a loss for a defence. He at once pleaded that, he and his family being in great distress, he had appealed to the Holy Mother for assistance, and that while he was engaged in prayer and contemplation of the four million-worth of jewels displayed on her brocaded petticoat, she stooped, and, with a charming smile, handed him the golden vessel. This explanation, it is said, was received in "profound silence" by the court, which, feeling that the matter was thus taken out of the domain of "the natural" and brought into that of "the supernatural," handed the case over to the Ecclesiastical Commission. This court, however, to the no small astonishment of the accused, decided that, though the admission was inconvenient, the possibility of the miracle could not be denied; and so the cup was handed back to the soldier with solemn injunctions to avoid seeking similar favours from images in the future, and to observe the profound silence which the Virgin required of him.

as a proof of his gratitude for her kindness. The conquering hero no doubt returned home delighted at the success of the ruse by which he had outwitted his judges, and proved that miracles may sometimes be performed for the benefit of an earthly militant as well as "the Church Militant."

"THE QUEEN" FIRST OR "THE POPE?"—Lord Arundell, of Wardour, writes to the *Times* to enlighten it as to the true grounds on which he drinks "the health of the Pope" before "the health of the Queen." The practice rests, he says, "on the distinction between the spiritual and the temporal, and the superiority of the one order over the other." The sentiment is as old as Christianity, and as inveterate as martyrdom. It has been maintained by Protestants, as in the case of the Non-Jurors; and it is implied in the precedence given to the Church in the traditional toast of "Church and State." The opposite theory would expunge the idea of martyrdom altogether; and, therefore, Lord Arundell is determined to stand by the "only power" which, in these days, is able to rescue him from the "Statolatry" which is again becoming the ruling passion of mankind. Lord Oranmore and Browne's answer to Lord Arundell, given in Thursday's *Times*, completely overthrows this argument. He says that it is true that the convictions of Protestants often lead them to oppose the State, but that in their case these are their own convictions, while those of Roman Catholics are the decrees of the Pope, and, therefore, fraught with danger.

DUCAL CHURCH EXTENSION.—The scheme of church extension which the Duke of Northumberland has been promoting, for several years past in the town of Shields is rapidly approaching completion. Three new churches, provided solely or chiefly at the Duke's expense, have been consecrated within the past week by the Bishop of Durham; and thus the five new ecclesiastical districts which, with the co-operation of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Duke established two years ago in North Shields, are now all provided with churches. In addition to these, five new parsonage-houses have been built, and a sixth purchased. It is said that this munificent act of church extension will cost the Duke little short of £100,000.

THE RECTORY OF BEDDINGTON.—This parish, rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Marsh, will have for its future incumbent the Rev. Alexander Henry Bridges, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford, perpetual curate of Southover, near Horsham. He graduated in 1835, when he was fourth class in classics. The reverend gentleman is a son of the late Sir Henry Bridges, of Beddington. The patron of the living is Hugh Dawson Raincock, Esq., of Great Woodcote, who purchased the advowson in 1860 from the representatives of Admiral Carew.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND "LONG SERVICES."—It is stated that the Prince and Princess of Wales are favourable to shortening the long morning service, or rather three services, of the Church of England. When the Prince is at his country seat, he does not enter the little parish church of Sandringham till the second service (the Litany) commences; and, so well is his practice understood, that the clergyman has occasionally waited for him a short time before commencing that service.

A ROYAL BULL.—The Royal licence, directing the Archbishop of Canterbury to consecrate Dr. Crowther, ran as follows:—"We do, by this our licence, under our Royal signet and sign manual, authorise and empower you, the said Rev. Samuel Adjai Crowther, to be Bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland, in the said countries in Western Africa beyond the limits of our dominions."

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN PORTUGAL.—The *Times* gives an account of a case of persecution which has occurred in Portugal. It seems that some Protestants have been lately distributing Bibles in that country to the serious alarm and annoyance of the ecclesiastical authorities. "We succeeded in obtaining possession," says a Portuguese paper, "of some of these books, and we gave them the destination they deserved"—their resolution, of course, by the agency of fire, into their organic elements. One of "the would-be apostles of this Golgotha religion," the writer boasts, "is now secure in gaol waiting his trial;" "Experts" have been named to sit in judgment on him; and so may Mother Church look forward to seeing "this miscreant" soon reap the fruit of his "malevolent labours."

THE COEN CASE.—The *Times* correspondent in the Papal States writes that the case of the young Israelite Coen is not yet settled, the Pope still setting the Emperor at defiance. The *Times* recalls the case of a French boy, who was treated in a similar way when M. Guizot was in power. A demand for his liberation was made, to which the Pope replied that he was master in his own States, and would not yield to threats. M. Guizot's answer was a laconic note, demanding the immediate liberation of the lad, and adding that, in failure of compliance, a squadron was under orders to appear before Fiumano. The child was given up within six hours, and the *Times* pertinently asks why a similar course has not been adopted by the French authorities in this instance.

A NEW ORDER OF "SHEPHERDESSES."—A new order, of the feminine genus, under the above title, has been instituted in the parish of St. Nicholas, Guildford, by the Rev. Goodwin Hatchard, rector and rural dean. Its members are the elder girls of the National School, and their duty the care of the younger children. They each have their own district, and as they come and go to and from school they pick up the youngest children, and lead them in bands of safe conduct to the infants' school. They are furnished with a bell to announce their approach to the various homes of the infants, and the little scholars fall into rank at once, and are thus kept from running into the ponds and encountering other perils. The order is certainly likely to prove useful; but the title is much too inflated for such a juvenile organization.

THE REV. MR. HILLYARD.—The Board of Poor Law Commissioners have ordered an inquiry into the charges brought against the Rev. Mr. Hillyard by the guardians of the Norwich Workhouse, previous to

any step being taken by them as to his removal from its chaplaincy. The inquiry will be held in September by Sir John Walsham, on his return to the Norwich district.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S CHAPEL.—Dr. Salviati, of Venice, who has lately inlaid the ceiling of Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel with rich glass mosaics, has, it is understood, received instructions to fill in the panels of the walls of the chapel with the same costly material. The chapel, it is believed, will be warmed with hot air, in preparation for which the workmen are now excavating on the Castle-hill, near the Deanery.

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.—The thousands who have admired Chantry's *chef-d'œuvre*, the Sleeping Children, in Lichfield Cathedral, will regret to learn that the marble gives signs of premature decay. Already the figures are pierced in various parts with small holes similar to those made by worms in old wood. The first appearances which attracted attention were small purely white spots which in a short time fall into holes. The disfigurement of so splendid a work of art must be regretted by all who can appreciate its beauties and the genius of the sculptor.

BROTHER IGNATIUS AT THE BRISTOL CONGRESS.—The *Bristol Daily Post* states "that Brother Ignatius purposes attending and taking part in the approaching Church Congress in this city, and that he intends advocating the system of monasticism, to which he has attached himself, as being not only consistent with the articles and ritual of the Church of England, but as being the means most likely to consolidate and strengthen her missionary power."

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE musical festivals just held at Hereford and Birmingham have presented a strong contrast in the absence of interest at the one, and the special features of novelty at the other. The performances at Hereford on this occasion offered little to distinguish them from the ordinary programmes of these meetings of the "three choirs" held alternately there and at the neighbouring cathedral towns of Worcester and Gloucester. Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Spohr's "Fall of Babylon," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Handel's "Messiah," with selections from other oratorios, constituted the morning performances, while the evening concerts consisted of materials more or less familiar to London audiences. Birmingham not being a cathedral town, nor yet belonging to any old-world association of choirs, has long since followed a fashion of its own by commissioning and producing new compositions—thus attaching a special interest to its festivals, and giving, as such occasions should, a stimulus to art and artists. Many new works have owed their origin to the Birmingham festivals, the crowning glory attaching to which was the production there, in 1846, of Mendelssohn's sacred masterpiece, his oratorio of "Elijah." On the present occasion three new works have been produced—the oratorio "Naaman," by Mr. Costa (whose "Eli" was brought out at the Birmingham festival of 1855), Mr. Henry Smart's cantata, "The Bride of Dunkerron," and a similar work by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, entitled "Kenilworth." The festival opened on Tuesday with a magnificent performance of "St. Paul," a work which, although not composed, like "Elijah," specially for Birmingham, was first worthily made known to the English public by its production there in 1837, when Mendelssohn conducted the performance of his earliest great sacred work. It has probably, however, never been so finely given as on the present occasion, with the splendid orchestra of upwards of one hundred and forty of the best instrumentalists, a chorus of more than three hundred picked voices, and such solo singers as Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. The familiarity of all with the music ensured a ripeness and precision of effect which a work of such high order can only obtain after reiterated performances. At the concert of Tuesday evening, Mr. Henry Smart's cantata, "The Bride of Dunkerron," formed the chief feature. Of this work, as well as of Mr. Costa's new oratorio, "Naaman," and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "Kenilworth," we gave some account on the occasion of the preliminary rehearsals in London five weeks since. Mr. Smart's new work cannot fail to enhance his already high reputation as an accomplished musician, skilled in all the resources of orchestral writing, and possessing a strong feeling for dramatic effect. With a little more individuality of style, Mr. Smart might earn a permanent position among the few composers this country has produced. The reflection of Spohr's manner, which Mr. Smart's early works betrayed, however, is now exchanged for a similar resemblance to the style of Mendelssohn; and, therefore, while much of the music of the new cantata is admirable for dramatic and romantic colour, skilful and effective instrumentation, and grace of expression, these very merits make one the more regret the absence of that originality which alone is wanting to give Mr. Smart the place to which his ambition evidently aspires. The effect produced by the performance of his Cantata at Birmingham, fully verifies the anticipations of its success which we felt on the occasion of its rehearsal in London. Some of the choruses are especially admirable for masterly handling and picturesque colour. Among several instances may be particularly specified the choruses of Storm Spirits, and that of the Sea Maidens; while several of the solo pieces are conspicuous for charming melody and refined and varied orchestral accompaniment. An elaborate song for the Sea-king, and a charming aria for the Sea-maiden, are among the

most important movements of this class, and the concerted finale forms a worthy climax to a work full of careful, earnest thought, and musicianly skill. Madame Rudersdorff as the Sea-maiden, Mr. Cummings as the Lord of Dunkerron, and Mr. Weiss as the Seaking, were efficient enough in their music, but the choruses were susceptible of some improvement in their execution, which will doubtless be obtained on the repetition of the work in London—an event which must occur before long.

The chief interest of the whole festival, and the principal point of attraction of the four days' performances, was the production of Mr. Costa's new oratorio "Naaman," on Wednesday. In our notice of the preliminary rehearsals we have already characterized the work as belonging rather to the modern florid and ornate school than partaking of that severe and scholastic style which more or less distinguishes most of the classical works of this kind. Measured, however, by the standard of its own school, Mr. Costa's oratorio is a production of high merit, and an unquestionable advance on his previous oratorio, "Eli." With, perhaps, even less attempt at scholastic forms, such as fugal or contrapuntal writing, there is a greater breadth of outline and proportion, a more thorough fusion of style, and larger variety of orchestral effect. It would be too much to say that Mr. Costa ever reaches the sublime (even Spohr failed to attain this height); but he is frequently impressive, and almost always graceful and refined; while nothing can surpass the admirable knowledge of vocalization displayed in the music given to the solo singers. The performance of the oratorio was, perhaps, as near absolute perfection as it is possible to arrive by the combination of large numbers of executants; Mr. Costa's admirable conducting having as large a share in this result as the individual efficiency of his forces. The pieces for solo voices of which we made special mention in our notice of the London rehearsal were those which made the greatest effect in the Birmingham performance. Mr. Sims Reeves' declamatory airs "Invoking death," and "What! meaneth he to mock me?" Mr. Santley's air, "Lament not," and his "Invocation" scene; Mdle. Patti's air, "They shall be turned back," and her prayer, "Maker of every star;" Madame Sainton-Dolby's air, "I dreamt I was in Heaven;" the trio, "Haste to Samaria;" and the quartet, "Honour and Glory"—all proved most successful in performance. Some of the choruses, too, were highly effective, among others, "The Curse of the Lord," the chorale, "When Famine over Israel," "With Sheathed Swords," and the finale chorus, "Great God of Gods," and "Hallelujah." The oratorio, we understand, will not be published until a sufficient time has elapsed to allow of such revision and alteration as a first performance may have suggested to the composer. We know that Mendelssohn, even after several hearings of his "Elijah," contemplated great changes in the work, and the same privilege may fairly be accorded to Mr. Costa. We shall look with much interest for the performance of "Naaman" in London, with all the advantages resulting from its first essay at Birmingham.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE Reed and Parry entertainments have been withdrawn, for the present, from the Gallery of Illustration, and their place has been supplied with a couple of little chamber operas or operettas, called "The Sleeping Queen" and "Too Many Cooks." The first is an adaptation of the French piece, "Touch not the Queen,"—the English words being by Mr. Henry Farnie, and the music by Mr. Balfé; and the second is written by Mr. Charles Furtado, and fitted with music adapted from M. Offenbach by Mr. German Reed.

"The Sleeping Queen" is one of those courtly pieces of intrigue, dealing with a fanciful period of Spanish history, which are so common on the French stage. The plot, which is slight, but interesting, is worked out by four characters—the young Queen of Leon, a young cavalier, a maid of honour, and an old regent. The cavalier falls in love with the Queen, kisses her while she is sleeping after a conference with her Prime Minister, is condemned to death by the law of Leon, but is saved by being made the Prince Consort. There is a minor intrigue between the old regent and the maid of honour, and the little piece has one or two good situations. The libretto in parts appears to be somewhat carelessly written, but one song, "The Noontide Dream," is far above the average of opera poetry.

Mr. Balfé has given this trifle some lively, if not very original music, chiefly in the form of duets and trios; but he has thrown all his taste and feeling into the song we have just spoken of, which can hardly fail to be popular, both with singers and audiences. It is called a serenade, and may worthily take its place by the side of such charming productions as the serenades in "Don Pasquale" and the "Barber of Seville."

"Too Many Cooks" is a comic picture of French peasant life, adapted from one of the pieces of the Bouffes Parisiens. The scene is laid in a cabaret at Auvergne, kept by a young woman, named Lisette, who has two lovers—a blacksmith and a shoemaker. A little courting, a homely dinner, much practical fun, and some good dramatic music, form the staple of this piece. "The Sleeping Queen" represents the light comedy of the entertainment, and "Too Many Cooks" represents the low comedy.

Mr. Reed has engaged a very good little company to do justice to these operettas. Miss Poole and Mr. R. Wilkinson have appeared before in these chamber operas, and they are now ably assisted by Miss D'Este Finlayson, Mr. T. Whiffin, and Mr. S. A. Shaw. Miss Poole is too old a public favourite to require any fresh commendation.

Mr. Wilkinson is a good baritone singer and a fair gentlemanly actor, Miss Finlayson has a good voice, good execution, and much self-possession as an actress, but her pronunciation is faulty; Mr. Whiffin has a thin but pleasing tenor voice, and Mr. Shaw (from the Lyceum and Astley's), who is the low comedian of the company, is a clever, useful actor and singer. Both pieces were very well received by a crowded audience.

A new entertainer appeared at the Egyptian Hall on Saturday last, "for one night only," in the person of Mr. Grattan Cooke. His matter was badly chosen and not well delivered. A tiresome and monotonous lecture upon roses, very antiquated in its form, served to introduce a number of songs, some of them forcibly fitted to music that was not made for them. Mr. Grattan Cooke is a well-trained musician (his father, with the exception of Rodwell, was the best writer of melo-dramatic music we ever had); but this is only one qualification for an entertainer. Mr. Cooke, we believe, intends starting in the provinces, but we hope with a better constructed and more lively entertainment.

"Professor" Anderson—formerly known as the "Great Wizard of the North"—has made his reappearance in London at St. James's Hall, after an absence of seven years, and after what he calls "a circumterrestrial tour round the world." He was never a good sleight-of-hand performer, like Hermann or Frikell, and always relied upon glittering and elaborate apparatus. During the last twenty years the style of conjuring he represents has been largely taught by toy-shop keepers, who make, sell, and lend the mechanical contrivances without which few of his tricks can be accomplished. He is now assisted by his daughter, a "second-sighted Sybil" and "Retro-reminiscent Orthographist," who performs some really clever feats, depending upon memory. The young lady is very pleasing, evidently well-educated, and remarkably perfect in all she does; and this is, therefore, the most agreeable part of the entertainment.

The New Royalty Theatre was opened on Monday night with a new farce by Mr. J. T. Williams, and Mr. Burnand's popular burlesque, "Ixion." The farce, though described as "new, original, and never acted" in the bills, is very poor, slight, and noisy—like some of the late Mr. Selby's worst productions. The acting did nothing to make it acceptable.

Mr. F. C. Burnand, the stage director of this house, intends shortly to introduce comic opera, after the plan of the Bouffes Parisiens.

The Surrey Theatre was reopened on Saturday last, under the management of Messrs. Shepherd and Anderson, for what is rather prematurely called the winter season. No novelty was produced. Mr. Anderson appeared in the late Mr. John Wilkins's play of "Civilization;" and Mr. and Mrs. Felix Rogers, from the New Royalty, who have been engaged to represent the comic element, appeared in Mr. Byron's burlesque of "Fra Diavolo." "Civilization" is a play of great literary merit, founded on a story by Voltaire, originally performed about fourteen years ago at the City of London Theatre, and "Fra Diavolo" is the first burlesque which Mr. Byron wrote for Miss Swanborough at the Strand.

Mr. Toole announces that his benefit will take place on Wednesday next, September 14th, when he will appear in a new two-act drama, of serious domestic interest, adapted from the French by Mr. John Oxenford, under the title of "Stephen Digges." If successful, this piece, which is founded on an old dramatic version of Père Goriot, will probably be retained in the bills until the end of the month, when Mr. Toole will leave the theatre for a provincial tour, and will not return till Christmas.

There is some talk of Miss Bateman appearing in Sheridan Knowles's play of the "Hunchback," at this house, on her return from America.

The new Joint-Stock Company, represented by Mr. Horace Wigan as manager, will take possession of the Olympic, we believe, on the 16th inst. The first piece that will be produced under the new management will be a three-act comedy by Mr. John Oxenford.

Sadler's Wells will open on the 17th inst., under the management of Miss Marriott, with Sheridan Knowles's play of "Love."

The Haymarket will open on Monday the 19th inst., when O'Keefe's comic opera, "The Castle of Andalusia," will be revived.

The Strand Theatre will open on the same night; and M. Jullien will commence a series of promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre.

The Drury Lane programme for the forthcoming season is ambitious, legitimate, and varied. "Comus" is given up, and in its place we are to have the "Antigone" of Sophocles, performed as it was about twenty years ago at Covent Garden. The first part of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." will be repeated on the opening night (Sept. 24th), with Mr. Phelps as Falstaff, and Mr. Creswick as Hotspur. The second part of "Henry IV." will be produced a week afterwards, with Mr. Phelps as Falstaff and Justice Shallow. The following Saturday "Othello" will be played, with Mr. Phelps as the Moor, Mr. Creswick as Iago, Mrs. Hermann Vezin as Desdemona, and Miss Atkinson as Emilia. On the 15th of October "Cymbeline" will be played, with Mr. Phelps as Posthumus, Mr. Creswick as Iachimo, and Mrs. Theodore Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) as Imogen. On Saturday, Oct. 22, we are to have "Macbeth," with the following cast:—Macbeth, Mr. Phelps; Macduff, Mr. Creswick; and Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Theodore Martin. "Hamlet," "King Lear," "King John," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," "Henry VIII.," and "Romeo and Juliet," are promised during the season, together with a new play called "Madonna del Pia," by Mr.

Theodore Martin, and a new play by Mr. Edmund Falconer. Mr. Walter Lacy and Mr. Belmore are still members of the company, and Mr. Henry Marston has been engaged. Some of these promises, like Opera promises, will doubtless not be carried out, or will be carried out in an order different from that stated; but it is far more satisfactory to see such a programme than one in which everything is sacrificed for the Christmas pantomime.

Mr. Fechter's opening play—the "Rosary"—will be an adaptation of Paul Meurice's play, "Fanfan la Tulipe." This was the piece with which Mr. George Vining started in business as a manager, in May, 1863—his version being called "Court and Camp."

The fashionable friends and patrons of William Shakespeare, having failed to give him a statue, the task of collecting funds for a monument has been taken up by a mixed committee, consisting chiefly of working-men and actors. £2,400 is the sum fixed upon for this statue, and the covering thought necessary to protect it, and this is to be collected chiefly by penny subscriptions. Mr. Samuel Phelps is the chairman of this new movement, and Mr. Macready, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Henry Marston, Mr. George Cruickshank, and a few working literary men and journalists are on the committee.

CHARLES KEAN AND AN AMERICAN "ADMIRER."—I remembered an anecdote of a fellow-sufferer, and my memory helped me to some consolation. It was during one of Charles Kean's visits to the United States. He was entertained at dinner by one of the great New York merchants. Opposite to him at the table there sat a gentleman, who continued to observe him with marked attention, and at last called on the host to present him to Mr. Kean. The introduction was duly made, and ratified by drinking wine together, when the stranger, with much impressiveness of manner, said, "I saw you in Richard last night." Kean feeling, not unnaturally, that a compliment was approaching, smiled blandly and bowed. "Yes, sir," continued the other, in a slow, almost judicial tone: "I have seen your father in Richard; and I saw the last Mr. Cook—" another pause, in which Charles Kean's triumph was gradually mounting higher and higher. "Yes, sir, Cook, sir, was better than your father; and your father, sir, a long way better than you!"—*Blackwood's Magazine* for September.

A THEATRE COMPANY has been started at Southampton. According to the prospectus, Southampton has always been considered a theatrical town, and has proved a great nursery for the London theatres. The celebrated Incedon, Mr. Templeton, Miss Mordaunt, Lady Boothby, Miss Oliver, and numerous other celebrated actors made their first appearance at the Southampton Theatre.

A subscription has been set on foot by the paper, *Il Trovatore*, to raise a monument to Meyerbeer, in Milan.

MR. AND MRS. A. WIGAN.—A few days since a most interesting dramatic reading was given by these talented artistes at Aix-la-Chapelle, at the request of a number of English visitors. Amongst those present were the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, the Prince de Condé, and many foreigners of distinction.

MISS VICTOIRE BALFE.—The *Orchestra* states that this lady, who was formerly known as Lady Crampton, will in a fortnight "espouse a grandee of Spain, who unites with his title of duke and a large fortune the best qualities of head and heart."

SCIENCE.

THERE exists in many of our composite plants a peculiar alkaloid, to which the term *santonine* has been given, and which has till recently been but little investigated. M. Sestini has now come to the rescue, and in the course of a series of chemical experiments upon this principle has discovered that under certain conditions—as when exposed to light, for example,—it undergoes a change, and develops a new compound, to which, from its properties, he has given the name of *photo-santonine* acid. When *santonine* is exposed to the influence of solar light it gives rise to three compounds,—(1) an uncrystallizable yellow substance, *photo-santonine* acid; (2) a red resinous substance; and (3) formic acid. It is a remarkable character of the newly-discovered acid that it is far more soluble in both alcohol and ether than *santonine* itself.

The island of Monte-Christo, which Dumas has rendered so famous, has lately had its flora carefully investigated. M. T. Carnel has just published at Milan, a "*Florula di Montecristo*," which contains a list of all the plants (344) found on the island. The latter is now the property of an English gentleman, Mr. G. Watson Taylor, and we believe it was he who supplied the principal materials for this flora.

The Royal Botanic Society is evidently in a thriving condition. At the anniversary meeting (Professor Bentley in the chair) the report read by the secretary stated, that the present number of Fellows is 2,334, of whom 137 were elected during the past year. The receipts were in excess of the expenditure; the former amounting to £10,781, whilst the latter was only £8,059. The students were numerous, and the lectures were well attended.

At a meeting of the Queensland Philosophical Society, held some time ago, a very interesting paper was read by a Mr. Le Gould, narrating the results of some geological and geographical explorations which he lately made in the neighbourhood. Among other things he describes a curious and gigantic series of fossil trees, which he terms a "petrified forest." He found this latter to be nearly sixty miles in extent, and he was enabled to trace whole

trees fifty or sixty feet in length through this forest with their limbs and branches perfectly visible, and their trunks varying from twelve to twenty inches in diameter, embedded in the strata and sandstone formation peculiar to the district. Although these fossil trees are completely silicified, they still preserve their original appearance, except that many of them are somewhat flattened, the result of the pressure they have sustained.

Mr. George Elliot proposes the adoption of a new species of props and supports for the roofs of mines. The props and cross-pieces used at present in maintaining the roof of coal and iron mines are made of timber or cast iron; but Mr. Elliot advises the employment of wrought iron. By this means greater strength will be attained, less expense incurred, and more room gained for the galleries of the mine. The wrought-iron props may be solid or hollow, and of any convenient shape; but it is preferred to form them with a section of three ribs, equidistant, springing from a centre, or with four ribs forming a cross. It is also proposed to employ shoes of metal or wood to support the props, and to interpose similar blocks between the top of the props and the horizontal cross-pieces.

A new method for the compression of steel and homogenous metal has been devised by Mr. Joseph Whitworth, of Manchester. In the older processes, powerful steam hammers were employed, but by Mr. Whitworth's method the result will be obtained by simply casting it in a form approximating to that in which it is intended to be used, and by immersing it, without any previous forging, in a bath of suitable liquid, such as oil or water, and giving it afterwards, where requisite, the temper necessary to enable it to be worked. The metal being made by this process so much harder and stronger, it will be desirable, in some cases, to rough, turn, bore, or shape the casting, preparatory to the hardening and tempering of the metal.

We understand that an invention has just been patented in Paris, by means of which printing can be conducted without the employment of ink. The process consists in the introduction between the paper and the type of a sheet of some fabric on which is deposited lampblack and glycerine. It is thought, too, that by increasing the number of the latter intermediate sheets and enhancing the pressure, a great number of impressions may be obtained simultaneously. The process is merely a modification of an old method, and we very much doubt its value as a practical means of printing.

MM. Duméril and Jacquart have presented a valuable memoir to the French Academy upon "The Muscles of Deglutition in Serpents," in which they have investigated the subject by studying the structure of the pharynx of the oesophagus and the arrangement of the abdominal muscles of these reptiles.

M. Romain-Vigouroux attributes the cause of that condition known as *nervosis* (neuralgia) to the hyper-vascularity of the affected part, viz., some portion of the nervous centres and consequent reflex action. When the affected part is known, the object of the physician must be to reduce the vascularity by increasing the tone of the vessels and diminishing their calibre. For this purpose he recommends the employment of bromide of potassium, whose action is to diminish the quantity of blood circulating in the spinal cord. In this respect, as demonstrated by Dr. Brown Sequard, it differs entirely from opium, which tends to congest the nervous masses.

A story appears to be current in Paris to the effect that Professor Graham is not the original discoverer of the phenomenon known as *dialysis*. It is said that the honour belongs to a M. Dubrunfant, whose writings are familiar to most scientific readers. It appears that this gentleman patented a process of sugar-refining on April 1st, 1854, the principle of which involved that of dialysis, whilst Professor Graham's discovery was not announced till June 15th of the same year. We fancy the story is a *canard* got up to amuse scientific men, in this dull season, and the date of the French *savans'* announcement (April 1) lends some support to our opinion.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

PROJECTORS AND THEIR PLUNDER.

THOSE who are behind the scenes, and understand the precise mode in which new projects are matured from the chrysalis stage to the full-blown commercial butterfly—each project—more and more highly coloured and attractive than the last—could teach us some interesting lessons in this department of commercial history, if they would. We must, however, for the present, be content to pick up what indications chance may throw in our way, touching this delicate subject. It is one on which the light of truth only begins to shine. We already know enough to lead us to expect some startling revelations, when the day of full disclosure arrives,—a day certainly in store for all who have drunk deep of the intoxicating streams of apparent wealth which have recently been flowing so freely in our "City of Gold."

Projectors and promoters never had a better time of it, but they have not enjoyed all the plunder to themselves that is set down to their account. The harvest truly has been abundant, but it has not been gathered in without remembering the noble army of gleaners which was to be found on every new field of

enterprise. Mere projectors, as such, would be powerless for evil, if the public knew with whom they were really dealing; but it is because these people usually pull the strings behind the scenes, and fight under cover of names to which the mercantile world gives credit for honour and integrity, that they are able to extrap the unwary and inexperienced. And this game is played at times with such subtlety as effectually to deceive the most cautious. Take an instance:—A frequent and successful mode of robbery and extortion, for we can call it nothing else, in which gentlemen of position and schemers unite without much fear of detection, has been found at the very beginning of the formation of new companies, and the system—for it is a system—has been found to work so well that the goose has at last been well nigh killed to get at the golden egg. We should have thought it a very simple matter to decide what should properly form the preliminary expenses of a new company. The directors having been chosen, would proceed to advertise the company, and take the other usual measures of making known the objects to be attained and the capital required. They would then acquire suitable premises, and furnish them, pay their lawyers, brokers, and other similar charges, and whether they had spent much or little would depend on the judgment and care they had used. But in this way the directors would become, as they ought to be, liable for the payment of these expenses (and no one, in our opinion, ought to sanction a new undertaking who is not prepared to give such a pledge of his faith in it as to undertake this liability), and so the practice has grown up of allowing some one or other to intervene between the directors and the public, and to guarantee the latter against this liability, by undertaking to pay all the preliminary expenses for a fixed sum, to cover everything up to the period of allotment. Out of this fund, too, we fear it has been frequently arranged that some or all of the directors should be provided with a qualification—in fact, with a free allotment of the requisite number of shares; and sometimes a member of the board has been known to share in the profit a promoter is to make by the transaction. When such a system is at work, and directors are thus personally, more or less, interested in the very first transactions of a company, can we wonder that the item of preliminary expenses should assume alarming proportions with reference to the paid-up capital of many of our new undertakings? It would be a curious but, we think, most useful addition to the first returns of all companies that they should state, on commencing business, the amount of these preliminary expenses, and its exact percentage on the capital either subscribed or paid up. Will anyone seriously contend, when this matter comes to be looked at in the more business-like and sensible spirit in which we may presently expect such questions to be considered, that £15,000, or even £10,000, is a fair and proper sum to expend in landing a company with a paid-up capital of £50,000—sometimes even less? And yet there are many companies claiming, and, for aught we know, holding high position, in whose history this blot is to be found. The same practice, in another form, has been the absolute ruin of our railways, as investments. There was, however, in their case some excuse, on account of the useless but expensive process which had to be gone through before a railway bill could become law; and if the money was thrown into the gutter it was taken by lawyers and engineers according to law, if not according to reason: but it is very different with the case we are now considering.

No man can be said to have clean hands who has participated in any of these transactions, and the sooner we devise the means of knowing what has been done and is doing in this way, the better for our commercial honour and prosperity. For we are sure there is no radical cure for this evil but publicity. A full inquiry must come sooner or later, and the sooner the better for all concerned. If there are men in high position who have soiled their hands by participating in this kind of plunder, let us know who they are. If the suspicion be unfounded, and they are free from guilt, none will be more pleased than we. These are matters of comparatively small moment, so far as the amount of money involved is concerned—though we believe that this will be found to be in the aggregate an enormous deduction from the property of the shareholders—but they are of the utmost importance in a commercial and social point of view. They are degrading, dishonest, and demoralizing in the extreme. At first, men of honour shrink from taking part in them, but by degrees they become so familiarized with practices which they would once have been the first to condemn, that the sense of discrimination between right and wrong is gradually deadened, and too often, ultimately, altogether lost. These considerations are just now occupying many thoughtful minds, and causing deep anxiety; for, to adopt the words of a recent writer—

“England owes so much of her wealth and consequent power to confidence in the integrity of her men of business, that even if we were insensible to higher motives, mere worldly prudence might warn us to watch narrowly any tokens of relaxation in our mercantile morality, especially if manifested by those whose position entitles them to be regarded as patterns of the commercial character.”

THE directors of the Bank of England, at their weekly meeting on Thursday, raised the minimum rate of discount from 8 to 9 per cent. It is believed that the general condition of the Bank accounts is not worse than it was last week, but the directors are evidently actuated by a desire to produce a decided improvement in it.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about 2½ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25.30 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is nearly 3-10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

By advices from Hamburg the price of gold is 425 per mark, and the short exchange on London is 13.5½ per £1 sterling. Standard gold at the English Mint price is, therefore, about 1-10th per cent. dearer in London than in Hamburg.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is 278 to 280 per cent.; and the premium on gold is 157 to 158½ per cent. The importation of gold still continues, but in very moderate quantities.

The quotation of exchange from Calcutta is 2s. 1½d. to 2s. 1½d., showing an adverse movement equal to 1 or 1½d. per cent. From Bombay it is 2s. 1½d., or about 1 per cent. less favourable for this country. From China the quotations are more satisfactory. In the Calcutta import market gray goods were dull, but twist was in demand at improving prices. Jute was lower. Freights were dull, at previous terms.

The demand for money in some of the continental markets is increasing, the latest proof of this consisting in the rise in the rate of discount of the Bank of Frankfurt from 3½ to 4½ per cent.

In the discount market the supply of money continues large, but, from the general feeling of caution, there is little disposition to invest in long-dated bills. For six months the rate is 8½ to 9 per cent., while last week it was only 8, or perhaps a fraction higher. For short bills the quotation has been 7½ per cent., but occasionally 8 per cent. was charged. On the Stock Exchange there has been a fair amount of capital offering, the terms for loans on Consols from day to day being 5 to 6 per cent., and from account to account 6½ to 6¾.

In Colonial Government securities prices continue depressed. Canada Six per Cents. (January and July, 1877-84) were dealt in at 95½ 6½; Five per Cents., 83¼ ¾; New Brunswick Six per Cents., 97; New South Wales Five per Cents. (1871-6), 97; do. (1888-92), 96½ 6; Queensland Six per Cents., 100½; Victoria Six per Cents. (April and October), 109 8½.

Foreign bonds have been comparatively steady, except Spanish Passive and Certificates, which have declined, owing to realizations on the exceptional rise last week. British railway stocks have been depressed, chiefly in sympathy with Consols, but the reduction has been in a great degree arrested by the satisfactory traffic returns. The financial companies have fallen considerably. Joint-stock bank shares are lower.

The stock of bullion continues to increase; and, though there is a slight falling off in the reserve, the banking department is quite as strong as it was last week. The “rest” is returned at £3,859,557. This will allow a dividend of 5¼ per cent. for the half-year ending the 31st ult., or at the rate of 11½ per cent. per annum. The dividend for the corresponding half-year of 1863 was at the rate of 9 per cent. per annum.

In Tuesday's *Gazette* appeared a notification that the interest on Exchequer Bills for the half-year ending on the 11th Sept., 1864, will be payable at the Bank of England on and after the 11th Sept. next; and that the interest of such Exchequer Bills for the following half-year, to March, 1865, will be at the rate of £4 per cent. per annum.

The amount paid to the Bank of England in the year ending 31st of March last for the management of the National Debt was £201,501. 16s. 5d.

The biddings for £300,000 in bills on India took place at the Bank of England. The proportions allotted were to Calcutta £180,000, and to Bombay £120,000. The minimum price was as before—1s. 11½d. per rupee on Calcutta and Madras, and 1s. 11¼d. on Bombay. The applications within the limits amounted to £1,300,000. Tenders on Calcutta at 2s. 0½d. will receive about 91 per cent., and on Bombay at 2s. 0¼d. about 33 per cent. No allotment was made to Madras. These biddings were about a half per cent. higher than those on the last occasion.

The drawing for the sinking fund of the Confederate Loan took place last week, and it appears that nearly a sixth of the entire loan of £3,000,000 has already been redeemed; namely, £340,800 by cotton, and £137,800 by the sinking fund—making a total of £478,600. It has been in greater request, and purchases on Liverpool account have carried the quotation to 79½ to 80½ ex everything. Subsequently 80 to 81 was reached. There is a growing disposition to make investments in this stock; and the public, apart from the cotton interest, have appeared as buyers.

It is understood that the bills drawn by the Venezuelan Government on General Blanco (the financial agent here) on account of the loan of 1864 will be met by the General Credit Company as

they fall due, all difficulties having been removed. In the meantime, the bonds are 15 14 dis., having been dealt in at 46.

Meetings of the Crédit Mobilier (of England) and Crédit Foncier Companies were held on the 6th inst., when the reports were adopted, and dividends declared of £2 per share. The proposed amalgamation of the two companies, on terms which have already appeared, was also approved. The prospectus of the new undertaking is published.

The shareholders in the Ottoman Financial Association will be gratified to learn that a telegram received in the City from Constantinople, states that Mr. Lewis Farley has received an Imperial firman officially authorizing the establishment of the association in the dominions of the Sultan.

At a meeting of the National Bank of Liverpool on the 6th inst., the proprietors confirmed the resolution of the directors increasing the capital to £3,000,000 by the issue of 10,000 new shares at £5 premium, to be allotted to the shareholders in the proportion of one new to two old shares.

The Bank of Hindustan, China, and Japan (Limited) have given notice of a third call of £5 per share on the 10,000 new shares of £100 each. It is payable on the 1st day of October next. It is the intention of the Directors to make further calls of £5 each every three months until the full £25 has been called up.

The Indian Tramway Company give notice of a call of £1. 10s. per share, and also of a special meeting to be held on the 16th inst., to confirm the resolution, "that the deposits received from parties willing to subscribe to new capital be returned to them, and that the capital of the company be fixed at a sum not exceeding £100,000."

At the meeting of the London General Omnibus Company, to be held on the 20th instant, a dividend and bonus equal to 6½ per cent. per annum will be declared for the half-year ending 30th June, and a sum of £4,990. 1s. 10d. will be carried forward to the next account.

The dividend of the Scottish Central Railway will be at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum against 5½ per cent. at the corresponding period of last year.

The following is an account of the amount of bank notes authorized to be issued by the several banks of issue in Ireland, and the average amount of notes in circulation, and of coin held during the four weeks ending Saturday, the 20th day of August:—

	Circulation Authorized by Certificate.	Average Circulation.	Average Amount of Coin held.
Bank of Ireland	£3,738,428	£2,379,350	£540,856
Provincial Bank of Ireland	927,667	802,590	378,078
Belfast Banking Company	281,611	322,208	195,984
Northern Banking Company	243,440	272,985	167,630
Ulster Banking Company	311,079	352,744	112,968
National Bank	852,269	1,078,091	503,150

PAYMENTS FOR CORN.—The payments made for corn have been on a comparatively restricted scale this year. Thus the total value of the wheat imported in the six months ending June 30 was £4,811,312, against £5,548,152 in the corresponding half of 1863, and £8,733,095 in the corresponding half of 1862; of the barley, £811,553, against £1,596,669 in the corresponding half of 1863, and £995,797 in the corresponding half of 1862; of the oats, £578,173, against £1,207,836 in the corresponding half of 1863, and £637,290 in the corresponding half of 1862; of the peas, £146,026, against £248,523 in the corresponding half of 1863, and £112,983, in the corresponding half of 1862; of the beans, £172,571, against £359,770 in the corresponding half of 1863, and £304,257 in the corresponding half of 1862; and of the Indian corn or maize, £347,039, against £1,687,641 in the corresponding half of 1863, and £1,682,006 in the corresponding half of 1862. The total value of the corn of all kinds imported to June 30 this year was thus £6,866,674, against £10,638,591 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £12,465,428 in the corresponding period of 1862, so that the value of this description of imports has been progressively declining during the last two years. The value of the wheat imported from Russia this year was £517,744; from Prussia, £1,217,187; from Denmark, £260,654; from Mecklenburg, £165,306; from the Hanse Towns, £152,373; from France, £213,715; from Turkey, Wallachia, and Moldavia, £100,044; from Egypt, £153,317; from the United States, £1,858,730; from British North America, £65,112; and from other countries, £107,130.

The total shipments of cotton from Bombay for Liverpool, from January 1 to August 5, were 692,328 bales, against 623,277 during the same period last year.

The general business of the port of London last week exhibited more animation. At the Custom-house, 344 vessels were reported as having arrived from foreign ports. There were also four from Ireland. The entries outwards were 114 vessels, and those cleared 130, of which 22 were in ballast. There were eight departures for Australia—viz., two to Adelaide, two to Port Phillip, one to Moreton Bay, one to Sydney, and two to New Zealand, with an aggregate tonnage of 5,724.

A very able and practical pamphlet, in the form of a letter from "A Late Shareholder in the Lands Securities Company," addressed to George J. Goschen, Esq., M.P., on the subject of "Financial Societies, their Operations and Influence," has been published by Messrs. Wm. Brown & Co., and should be read by all persons interested as shareholders in these undertakings.

The city of Paris is just about to undertake a gigantic work, the supplying the city with pure water. To this end a reservoir, capable of supplying 40,000 cubic feet of water every twenty-four hours, is now being constructed at Menilmontant, at an expense of 40,000,000 francs.

The Anamite Government, in accordance with a clause in the new Franco-Anamite Treaty, signed on the 15th of July, have to pay an indemnity of 100,000,000 francs to the French Government.

We learn the following commercial intelligence from the *Times of India* of August 8th:—

"Money.—In prospect of the season opening there is more demand for money, and the directors of the Bank of Bombay have advanced their rate for discounting three months' bills 2 per cent. For shorter periods accommodation is procurable on nearly the same terms as before.

"Exchange.—Rates in China having advanced materially, and several of the banks here having been drawn on by their branches, the tendency of exchange has throughout the fortnight been more in favour of buyers, and we quote bank bills 2s. 1 3-16th d. Credits 2s. 15-16th d., and Documents 2s. 1 7-16th d., to 2s. 1½d.

"Government securities have continued to be neglected, and rule as follows:—Fours, Rs. 94½; Fives, Rs. 103½; Fives-and-a-half, Rs. 113.

"Shares.—The English news has failed to induce much activity, and for the present there is little doing.

"Imports.—The improvement which has generally been looked for in our import market has been very marked during the past fortnight. Accounts from England have been most favourable; the Calcutta market has continued strong."

The following particulars refer to the debts of Greece. There is the loan of 1824, £800,000. For this debt bonds were issued bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum, dated February 21, 1824. Five coupons were paid to July 1, 1826, inclusive. The remaining 35 coupons to January, 1844, inclusive, representing £87. 10s., have been cut off these bonds and are sold separately. The interest due on July 1, 1844, to January 1, 1863, both inclusive, being for 19 years, is equal to 95 per cent., and appertains to the bonds. The bonds printed in red represent £100 principal and £95 interest. The loans of 1825 are £2,000,000. For this debt bonds were issued bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum, dated February 15, 1825. Four coupons were paid to January 1, 1827, inclusive. The remaining 38 coupons to January 1, 1846, inclusive, representing £95, have been cut off these bonds and are sold separately. The interest due on January 1, 1863, both inclusive, being for 17 years, is equal to 85 per cent., and appertains to the bonds. These bonds are printed in blue, and represent £185, including principal and interest.

The numbers are published of 169 shares of the Riga-Dunaburg Railway drawn for repayment, at the third drawing at Riga, on the 10th (22nd) August last.

ADVICES from Constantinople state that the amount required for the dividends and sinking fund on the Consolidés, due on the 1st of November next, has been already deposited and set apart for that purpose, and been paid over to the issue department of the Treasury, and that it will appear in the Treasury balance-sheet that will accompany the budget. The publication of the budget may be daily expected, the precise day depending upon the completion of the accounts of two of the minor departments.

The advices from Frankfort state that the recently awakened anxiety regarding the safety of United States' bonds has in a great degree subsided, and that some large orders from Northern Germany have cleared the market of the amounts hanging upon it. A revival of prices has accordingly taken place, although there are continuous sales on Dutch account and by parties receiving fresh parcels from New York. Altogether the business of the last few days had been very important, a great many small orders for investment having been executed. So sanguine are the operators, that for the call of these bonds at present prices a month hence 2½ per cent. had been paid.

At Philadelphia the only flourishing business is speculation in oil stocks. Fortunes are made every day in the petroleum trade, and the stock lists are flooded with oil stocks of all values. The oil companies are formed in a very ingenious manner. We have in Pennsylvania a General Incorporation Act for all such companies, which provides for the individual liability of stockholders. Ten men will unite and buy a tract of oil land, paying probably \$25,000 for it; they will sink wells, and send a superintendent to the ground; this will cost probably \$25,000 more; they will then form a company, under the General Incorporation Act, making the capital \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000 in shares of \$10 each. These shares are divided among the ten incorporations, without any additional money being paid, and after a month's delay oil is found, and a dividend declared. This will make the market value of each share from \$5 to \$7, and gradually the proprietors dispose of their stock, and gain immense profits. Half Philadelphia is insane in oils just now. It rivals the South Sea and California gold excitements.

A NEW VARIETY OF THE BRITISH LION.—A lady and gentleman were disturbed in their slumbers one night last week by the very unpleasant noise of a slight move under the bed. The lady expressed alarm, but her somewhat sleepy *caro sposo* said, "Oh, it's only one of the dogs;" and, putting his hand down by the side of the bed, he called, "Lion, Lion," and, his hand being licked, after a moment the pair were satisfied, and they soon slumbered again peacefully. In the morning, however, they found that all their money and jewelry had disappeared, and it was clear that the lick had been a *dernier ressort* of an ingenious biped concealed under the bed.—*Court Journal*.

A NEW RAILWAY TERROR.—On the Manchester and Milford Haven line (shortly to be opened), there will be a station named Pontrhydfendigaid!

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

PRAED'S POEMS.*

FOUR-AND-FORTY years ago, a clever Eton youth, eighteen years of age, drew some attention to himself by an amateur magazine, issued simply in manuscript, under the title of the *Apis Matina*. It did not last long, but it was succeeded by another, which was printed and published, and which bore the name of the *Etonian*. The first number of this new periodical was brought out in October, 1820, and the last in the following July; but in those ten months its conductor and chief writer, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, had made a reputation for wit, knowledge of life, and mastery over versification. The discontinuance of the *Etonian* was owing to Praed's leaving Eton for Cambridge; but it was not long ere the young author found new openings for the display of his peculiar genius. Having at his boyhood's school made the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Knight, then in business at Windsor, who printed and sold the monthly miscellany to which we have referred, he was induced by that gentleman, who had now removed to London, to become one of the contributors to a new Quarterly Magazine. To that Magazine some men, who have since become eminent, contributed. Macaulay was among the writers; so was De Quincey; and others of less note, yet of conspicuous ability, gave the service of their wit, fancy, and learning, to its pages. Praed's writings helped to establish his name as a rising poet of the lighter kind, and, though commercially unsuccessful and short-lived, the Magazine made its mark, and is still sought for by the curious in fugitive literature. In 1826, Praed was again associated with Mr. Knight in the production of a periodical. It was a year of financial disaster; books had very little prospect of obtaining a sale; and Mr. Knight and his friends thought that the London public might be glad to be amused out of their gloom and depression by "a smart weekly sheet" reviewing the men and affairs of the day in a lively fashion. The result was a publication called the *Brazen Head*, to which Praed was the chief and the most brilliant contributor. The scheme was that Friar Bacon and the "brazen head" constructed by him should be made to discourse upon contemporary matters. From the account given by Mr. Knight, we should infer that the paper was a kind of *Punch*; but it was far from attaining the success which, fifteen years afterwards, attended on the later project. The *Brazen Head* only reached four numbers, and then spoke no more. The public, we suppose, were too melancholy to relish fun, however good; or Mr. Knight, possibly, did not understand the art of advertising, which has since been developed in such high perfection. All this while, Praed had been studying for the bar, and in 1829 he began to practise. Politics also earnestly engaged his attention, and in November, 1830, he was returned to Parliament for the borough of St. Germain's. His conduct in connection with his entry into public life has been severely censured, and we do not think his friend, Mr. Derwent Coleridge, has entirely removed the imputations made against him. When at college he was always known as a Liberal; in the summer of 1829 he exerted himself as a member of the committee of Mr. Cavendish, the Whig candidate for Cambridge; and even in the autumn of 1830, almost immediately before his own election on something like Tory professions, he expressed, in a letter to a friend, the greatest satisfaction at the return for Yorkshire of Henry Brougham, who had not yet foresworn the principles of his youth. Praed and his friends put forth all the accustomed excuses for such a change. He had seen more of the world, and was compelled to modify his early views; he preferred certainty to abstract ideas; he was afraid the coach was going too fast, and thought it as well to put the drag on the wheel; the great objects of Liberal statesmanship, such as the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts and Catholic Emancipation, had been gained; and as for the future, the Conservatives themselves were becoming more and more liberal every day. When, however, we find that all this worldly wisdom was acquired at the early age of twenty-eight—that Liberalism was held to have done its work before the passing of the Reform Bill—that the youthful "ratter" chopped round with remarkable suddenness, and that he was first returned to Parliament by a rotten borough, afterwards disfranchised by the Act of 1832—the political reputation of Praed does not come out very brightly. Yet we would not accuse him of any deeply corrupt or profligate motives. It was rather the lapsing of a mind, brilliant, indeed, and in some respects amiable, but not lofty nor severe, which, having been prematurely developed in extreme youth, and having outgrown the first enthusiasm of boyhood, fell into an easy acquiescence with whatever was established, elegant, and gentlemanly. Praed was a man of good family and of aristocratic education. His tastes were social; his disposition gay, bantering, and facile; the quality of his mind such as inclines a man to see the ludicrous side of things, rather than the grand and heroic. However much such men may in their youth cheat themselves into the belief that they are desirous of reforming the world, they are certain in the end to come to the opinion that the world is better as it is. They have not sufficient faith in human nature to run the risk of change; and they prefer to go on with their taste, their scholarship, their wit, and their social success, shooting their arrows about them with no very definite aim, and resting in the conviction that, whatever institutions may be established, men and women will never be much wiser or happier than they are. This is

* The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. With a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. Two vols. London: Moxon & Co.

Praed's real excuse for his change of views; but, at the best, it is not very satisfactory, and it is painful to see so young a man losing so soon the salt and savour of early life. The new member for St. Germain's was at first full of the usual protestations of being perfectly independent of all parties; yet Mr. Coleridge admits that he served the Tories "with no wavering allegiance," and in Sir Robert Peel's Administration of 1834-5 he held the post of Secretary to the Board of Control, which was presented to him by the rising statesman in very flattering terms. He wrote leaders in the *Morning Post*, then a high Tory organ; he composed political squibs, of course, against the Liberals; and he had, by special desire of his Grace, an interview with the Duke of Wellington, in which the great man, according to Praed's amusingly complacent account, "opened all his views, personal and political, with a frankness which was most flattering and most delightful." This certainly does not look like entire independence. Mr. Coleridge, with perhaps the amiable exaggeration of a friend, speaks very highly of Praed's achievements as a member of Parliament; but it appears that, on the second occasion of his addressing the House, which was in connection with the Reform Bill, he was far from fortunate. This, says his friendly biographer, was owing to his having had a severe cold at the time, to his being unable to "catch the Speaker's eye" until past midnight, and to the House being already fatigued; but, be the reason what it may, the check then experienced acted very discouragingly on Praed for a long time. Nevertheless, Lord John Russell, after his death, designated him as "a rising statesman." It is impossible to say what so ready and nimble a wit might have attained to, had its possessor been spared; but his death was as premature as the exhibition of his talents at Eton and Cambridge. He had been feeble from his childhood; and, for the last few years of his life, a complaint, the precise nature of which we are not told, but which seems to have ended in a rapid decline, hung like a terrible weight on his genius and his energies, and finally carried him off on the 15th of July, 1839, eleven days previous to completing his thirty-seventh year. His domestic affections were deep and warm; he had himself devotedly watched over the last moments of a sister who, after the death of his mother, when he was a mere child, had tended him with the utmost care; and he was cheered and supported in his own failing hours by the love and reverence of his true-hearted wife. A pretty little poem, addressed "To Helen, with a Small Candlestick, a Birthday Present," and dated "February 12th, 1838," shows the depth of affection with which Praed regarded the companion of his mature years:—

"If, wandering in a wizard's car
Through yon blue ether, I were able
To fashion of a little star
A taper for my Helen's table,—
'What then?' she asks me with a laugh;—
'Why then, with all Heaven's lustre glowing,
It would not gild her path with half
The light her love o'er mine is throwing.'"

And eight days before his death, he addressed to his wife these noble and most pathetic lines:—

"Dearest, I did not dream, four years ago,
When through your veil I saw your bright tear shine,
Caught your clear whisper, exquisitely low,
And felt your soft hand tremble into mine,
That in so brief—so very brief a space,
He, who in love both clouds and cheers our life,
Would lay on you, so full of light, joy, grace,
The darker, sadder duties of the wife,—
Doubts, fears, and frequent toil, and constant care
For this poor frame, by sickness sore bedsted;
The daily tendance on the fractious chair,
The nightly vigil by the feverish bed.
Yet not unwelcomed doth this morn arise,
Though with more gladsome beams it might have shone:
Strength of these weak hands, light of these dim eyes,
In sickness, as in health,—bless you, My Own!"

To the memory of this excellent lady, now deceased, the present edition of her husband's poems, "published in fulfilment of her long-cherished wish and intention," is inscribed by her daughters.

The poems of Praed have already been collected in America, and have gone through more than one edition; but they have never before been brought together in England. In the volumes now issued by Messrs. Moxon several pieces are printed for the first time, and the edition has been rendered more perfect by the assistance of the poet's surviving relatives and friends. Considering his active pursuits as a politician and a lawyer, and the shortness of his life, Praed must be regarded as a rather voluminous writer. It is true that even the verses of his extreme youth, or rather childhood, are, by a somewhat questionable policy, included in these two volumes; but, having regard simply to the more mature poems, the number is considerable. The degree of merit, even within that narrower circle, is of course various. The longer poems, such as "Lillian," "Gog," "The Troubadour," &c., though exhibiting a great deal of fancy, humour, and adroit management of rhythm and rhyme, are, on the whole, wanting in force, clearness, and cohesion. The shorter pieces of a serious cast, whatever the superficial beauty of their polish, and their delicate manipulation, are essentially commonplace. Praed wrote a good deal for the *Annals* which were so popular thirty years ago, and he often fell

into what may be called the true "Annual" style; which consisted of a feeble mixture of Byronic melancholy and Tom Moorish sentiment. Whatever he did was elegant and scholarly; but he lacked imagination and earnestness, and was not a poet in the higher sense of the word—or, at best, was to the world of poetry what Puck is to the world of enchantment—a wonder of agile sportiveness and tricky grace. He had a worthy father, who, when Winthrop was a child, used to superintend his literary exercises, and preferred, says Mr. Derwent Coleridge, "that the literary exercises of a boy should be stiff and formal, rather than loose and careless." Something of the scholasticism thus induced, and subsequently strengthened by the classical training of Eton and Cambridge, was always visible in Praed's serious poetry. His father had himself a taste for writing verses, and when Winthrop, at six years of age, was recovering from a dangerous sickness, he wrote, in the child's name, some "Meditations," which, notwithstanding the touching circumstances that called them forth, are almost ludicrous for their prosaic literality. He makes the child say, addressing his mother:—

"Your voice,
Sweeter than zephyrs' breath, soothed my complaints,
Assuaged my pains, and lulled me to repose.
Whate'er of medicine passed my feverish lips,
What little food my stomach would admit,
Your hand administered. Oh! if at times
I answered crossly, or in froward mood
Seemed to reject the help you fondly tendered,
Impute to the disorder all the blame,
And do not think your darling was ungrateful."

Winthrop Praed never wrote in this bald style; but, in attempting the higher flights of imagination, the precision which the father insisted on with so much emphasis, and which, judging from this specimen, was his only idea of literary style, checked the energy of the son's creative power, and led to a kind of failure. It was in the airy gambols of social wit and fancy that Winthrop Praed was so admirable. Mr. Coleridge remarks that "a superficial inquirer might conclude that he was an imitator of Hood," but that "Hood had written nothing that indicated his future greatness, when Praed was pouring forth verse beneath whose gaiety and quaintness might be traced the characteristics which his friend Mr. Moultrie describes as the peculiar attributes of his nature." This is perfectly true; but we would add, that Praed's genius, taken altogether, was far inferior to Hood's. The Etonian had neither the abundant humour nor the heart-rending pathos, neither the gorgeous imagination nor the weird and ghastly visionariness of the son of the London bookseller. But he had a species of choice and cultured wit, a bright and buoyant fancy, a sparkling vivacity of language, a lyric grace of utterance, and an ever-present tone of high-breeding and consummate taste, which make his lighter pieces perfectly inimitable. Perhaps his most marked characteristic was supreme elegance; yet his wit also was in no small measure. He had the grace of Prior without his grossness, the careless fluency of Theodore Hook, without that suggestion of flunkeyism which seemed to cling to the jester at rich men's tables like an evil influence. How admirable is this portrait of a country vicar!—

"His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow."

In "The Belle of the Ball Room," we have the old contrast between the dreams of young love and the truths of reality touched off with a brilliant pencil:—

"Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender!
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

* * * * *

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal:
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling:
My father frowned; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic;

Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And Lord Lieutenant of the County.

* * * * *

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading:
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading:
She warbled Handel; it was grand;
She made the Catalani jealous:
She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted;
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted;
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the Opera were demolished.

She smiled on many, just for fun,—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first—the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves;—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And 'Fly not yet'—upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after:
Our parting was all sob and sigh;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!"

Equally excellent is the poem on the years "Twenty-eight" and "Twenty-nine":—

"O'Connell will toil to raise the rent,
And Kenyon to sink the nation,
And Sheil will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the Association;
And the thought of bayonets and swords
Will make ex-chancellors merry,
And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords,
And throats in the county Kerry;
And writers of weight will speculate
On the Cabinet's design,
And just what it did in Twenty-eight
It will do in Twenty-nine.

John Thomas Mugg, on a lonely hill,
Will do a deed of mystery;
The *Morning Chronicle* will fill
Five columns with the history;
The jury will be all surprise,
The prisoner quite collected,
And Justice Park will wipe his eyes
And be very much affected;
And folks will relate poor Corder's fate
As they hurry home to dine,
Comparing the hangings of Twenty-eight
With the hangings of Twenty-nine.

And the goddess of love will keep her smiles,
And the god of cups his orgies,
And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
And weddings in St. George's;
And mendicants will sup like kings,
And lords will swear like lacqueys,
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings will lead to black eyes;
And pretty Kate will scold her mate
In a dialect all divine;
Alas! they married in Twenty-eight,—
They will part in Twenty-nine!

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,
All thoughts and things look older;
How the laugh of pleasure grows less gay,
And the heart of friendship colder;

But still I shall be what I have been,
Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And seldom troubled with the spleen,
And fond of talking treason :
I shall buckle my skait, and leap my gate,
And throw—and write—my line ;
And the woman I worshipped in Twenty-eight
I shall worship in Twenty-nine !”

Praed did not often pun ; but, when he did, his puns were very felicitous. Here is a specimen, founded on a line in Ovid :—

“ Shall I flirt in romantic idea,
With Chester’s adorable clay,
Or whisper in transport ‘ *Si mea*
Cum Vestris ’—on Valentine’s Day.”

There is plenty more of this delightful trifling in the volumes which Praed’s relatives have now given to the public. We thank them for having rescued so much wit and fancy from forgetfulness ; and we are persuaded that even distant generations will thank them too.

THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE second subject of Mr. Max Müller’s Lectures, the investigation of “the inside of language,” the formation, growth, and changes of ideas, launches him at once into that sea of conjectures in which he thinks that comparative philology is the pole-star to guide the adventurous mariner. Like all ardent preachers of a new science, he believes that it affords the means of resolving problems which have been hitherto attempted in vain or left untried as hopeless. If language can be scientifically treated, why should we not, by its aid, look back into the depths of primeval history, and learn the fortunes of races and nations by the analysis of their varied forms of speech ; why should we not go still further, and discover in what manner ideas were first clothed in sounds, and how they came to vary in both form and sense ? The proposition that language can be scientifically treated is not to be accepted without a cautious reservation. If it mean that the same kind of scientific treatment may be applied to all languages, it is untrue ; if it mean that there is always a scientific method varied according to the character of the language, it is self-evidently true. On this principle, a language must be throughout of a character presenting no essential differences in order to be treated on one scientific method. So far Mr. Max Müller would agree with us. But he would claim for the Aryan family a scientific treatment of a consistently systematic character, excluding from it any elements of a lower class of language, which would render a different mode of treatment necessary. From the consideration of this scientific family he would draw certain general inferences, and especially would assign the growth and progress of the idea once become a root to a Darwinian law of natural selection. The method is, indeed, reversed in his lecture “On the Powers of Roots.” He first assumes that all highly-developed languages exhibit the new law, and then he gives us the evidence in the case of an Aryan root scientifically traced. We do not here enter into the fundamental question, whether mankind were ever destitute of a philosophical language, and whether Greek the accurate, modulated, severely-beautiful younger sister of the still more accurate but severer Sanskrit, could ever have grown from the almost deaf-and-dumb misery of a Turanian speech, which neither hears the higher and harmonious sounds of nature, nor is able, in the course of thousands of years, to pass beyond an expression borrowed from the cries of animals and the interjectional exclamations of uncouth savages. We shall be content to take the example Mr. Max Müller gives us of the root of his own name, and to show why we do not think it vindicates his claim for a rigidly-scientific character in the Indo-European family, and why we should rather maintain that, even in these languages, which modern scholars would idealize, there is something different from natural selection.

The root MAR, according to M. Max Müller, has the meaning of grinding down. It may be legitimately changed to *mal* in Sanskrit, to *mri*, to *mra*, *mla*, and in Greek to *mbro*, *mblo*, *bro*, *blo*. Hence the following clusters of derivatives :—

1. *Mill* and its varieties in the great Indo-European languages, *meal*, &c., *molaes* or *mill-teeth*.
2. *Maramai* (Gr.) I fight (cf. English *mill*) *mri-nā-mi* (Sansk.) I kill.
3. *Maraino* (Gr.) I wear out ; *molys* (Gr.) worn out.
4. *Mārch* (Sansk.) to faint.
5. *Mori-or*, *mortuus*, *mors*, *mriye* (Sansk.) I die ; *mrita*, dead ; *mrityu*, death ; *mārta*, man (*mortal*) ; *brotos* (Gr.) id.
6. *Marman* (Sansk.) a joint, member ; *membrum*.
7. *Mora*, delay, i. e., decay.
8. *Maru* (Sansk.) a desert.
9. *Mare*.
10. Mythological names,—the *Moliones*, the *Aloadæ*, *Mars*, *Ares*, the *Maruts*.

Most of these derivations are obviously correct. All are etymologically admissible, but some cannot be shown with any probability to have more than a possible formal relation to the root *mar*. We have seen that the same form in England may represent two or

more words of entirely different derivation, as *corn* (field) from *corn*, Anglo-Saxon, and *corn* (foot) from *cornu*, Latin. *A fortiori*, similar forms may be traceable to wholly dissimilar roots. If this is true of English, why should it be untrue of Sanskrit ? Mr. Max Müller would reply,—because Sanskrit, unlike English, is a wholly unmixed language ? We should dispute the truth of this reply, so long as any important proportion of Sanskrit words could not be satisfactorily derived from Sanskrit roots. So long as this is the case, Sanskrit words might possibly be traceable to two Aryan sources, or even to an Aryan source and a Turanian or Semitic. But this objection of ours will take stronger ground than that of mere probability.

Let us examine some of the supposed derivatives, and first *maru*, a desert (Sanskrit), *mare*, the sea. Mr. Max Müller supposes *maru* to mean a dead soil, not a very true or striking description of a real desert, and thus arrives at the origin of *mare*, sea, stagnant water as opposed to running streams, or as the desert, an unfruitful expanse. He sees the unsatisfactory character of these hypotheses, for he adds these apologetic words :—“Of course there is always some uncertainty in these guesses at the original thoughts which guided the primitive framers of language. All we can do is to guard against mixing together words which may have had an independent origin ; but if it is once established that there is no other root from which *mare* can be derived more regularly than from *mar*, to die (Bopp’s derivation from the Sanskrit *vāri*, water, is not tenable), then we are at liberty to draw some connecting line between the root and its offshoot, and we need not suppose that in ancient days new words were framed less boldly than in our own time” (pp. 320, 321). He does not seem to see how any Sanskrit word could possibly have come from any but a Sanskrit source.

But let us look at the position of *mare* in the Indo-European languages. It is common to the western groups, to the Celtic, Gothic, Teutonic, Slavonic, and Latin. It is wanting in Greek and Sanskrit, unless we trace its existence in *maru*, desert. The connection of sea and desert is also found in Hebrew, where the root *tahah*, “it was waste,” produces *tohu*, “wasteness, a desert,” and *tehom*, “a wave, ocean, sea.” Any one who knows the desert must feel the strong resemblance of the two most striking kinds of scenery, the waste of waters, and the everchanging yet unchanged expanse of the desert. So in Arabic *barr* is “land,” “desert”—the land of Arabia was a desert—and *bahr*, “sea,” both being derived from *birr* “largeness,” the primary sense of the root *br* (Lane’s *Arabic Lexicon* s. vv.).

Thus the connection of sea and desert is found in other languages, but there is this important difference between these cases and that supposed by Mr. Max Müller. The Hebrews and the Arabs called sea and desert by names of similar sense from, in each case, a characteristic true of both—wasteness and largeness. This is not like calling the sea a desert, or *vice versa*. But if it be supposed that *maru* is the parent of *mare*, or that both came from a primitive Iranian language, and are in the relation of children of the same root ; what is that root ? *Mar* is a very doubtful source. Is there no other ? We have seen that the Arabic *barr* and *bahr* come from the root *br*. In Arabic and Hebrew *an* and *m* frequently interchange, as *Bekkeh*, *Mekkeh* (the famous city in Arabia), *Berodach*, *Merodach* (the Babylonian idol). Thus *bahr*, the sea, in which *h* is a feeble letter, may be identical with *mare*, and *barr*, the desert, with *maru*.

At the time that the Aryans, having migrated into Europe, reached the coast of the Mediterranean, it is not unlikely that they found it peopled by Shemite colonists ; from no people could the name of desert have been more probably derived than from the Arabs, or the Shemites who spread as far as the Gedrosian desert. Thus *mare* and *maru* might even have had an independent introduction into the Aryan family. But it is possible that the source of both may have been the common property of the ancestors of both Shemites and Aryans, though it has disappeared in the languages of the latter stock.

Mor-ior and the kindred words, in most of which the *t* seems inherent, are traced by Mr. Max Müller to this wonderful root *mar*. Gesenius had before connected them with the Hebrew *mut*, “he died,” common to all the Semitic languages, observing, “The middle radical *u* appears to be softened from the liquid *r*, compare *durash*, *dush*, &c., so that the original stock would be *mrt*, compare Sanskr. *mri*, to die ; *mrita*, dead, death ; Malay, *mita*, to kill and to die ;” with other examples, unlike the last, from the Indo-European family. The same scholar observes the connection of the Hebrew name of the planet Mars, as worshipped by the Babylonians, Merodach, with the root *mord*, *mort*, signifying both death and slaughter, and compares Mars, Mavors, and *mors*. The corresponding Egyptian root is *mut*, *mur*, “to die, death.” The original form is probably *mur*, and the *r* is lost before *t* ; the interchange of *t* and *r* is unknown to us. The derivation proposed by Mr. Max Müller from *mar*, as ground down, decayed, is scarcely satisfactory. Hebrew and Arabic give us no derivation, yet we should expect a primary sense. In Egyptian this sense is probably “dust.”

These examples are sufficient to show that M. Max Müller’s philological pedigrees must be accepted with caution. We have certainly made out a more likely source for *mare*, *morior*, Mars, than he has done. All may spring from Indo-European roots, but if we have nothing but *mar*, do not let us destroy the vitality of the words by grinding them down to one uniform dust in that apparently inexhaustible mill. At the same time, we do not attempt to offer any theory as to how an Egyptian root may have sent a colony of descendants into the Semitic and Aryan

* Lectures on the Science of Language, delivered at the Royal Institution in 1863. By Max Müller, M.A. Second Series. London : Longman & Co.

provinces, or again how the Aryans may have borrowed or inherited from the Shemites. All we wish to show is that to assume that Sanskrit is free from the caprices and weaknesses of other languages—that it gave but never took—that its system of derivation is mathematically correct—and that it may be safely treated as ideal, is to imagine that it is such a universal language as Bishop Wilkins sought to invent, and therefore not a real language at all.

But we should be sorry to express an indiscriminate mistrust of those very curious inquiries by which German scholars have disentangled the intricate web of Greek mythology, and if they have injured its picturesqueness have certainly shown that its original was more dignified than could have been inferred from its condition as we find it from the days of Homer to those of the philosophers, who first protested against it, then ridiculed it, and when it had fallen before the might of a true belief, strove to resuscitate it by allegorical interpretations. It cannot be doubted that the Vedas preserve an earlier phasis of the same mythology, and that by their aid and that of later Sanskrit works, assisted by a cautious use of comparative mythology, we may form a correct theory of the growth of most of the myths of the Greeks. But even here we would give a warning against that hazardous pursuit of etymologies which rests upon the opinion that by the aid of Sanskrit we can reach the origin of all that is ancient in the Indo-European languages. While the great mass of Greek mythological words, for instance, are evidently traceable in Sanskrit, there are others for which an alien origin has been imagined, and, in certain cases, with no small show of probability. Sometimes the evidence seems to point in two directions; at other times, it seems to be wholly on the foreign side.

Uranus, M. Max Müller traces to the Vedic god Varuna (p. 481); Dr. Birch discovers the origin in the Egyptian *Urans*, a name of heaven considered as an ocean ("Mem. sur une patère Égyptienne extr. du t. xxiv. des Mem. Soc. Ant. Fr.," pp. 41, 42). The root of *makar*, the blessed, in the plural applied to the happy dead, has also been conjectured to have its source in *ma-kheru*, the justified, the Egyptian euphemism for the dead. The Egyptian *aaru* or *aalu*, their Elysian fields, afford the best origin of the Greek name, for which no probable Sanskrit etymology has been found. It has been thought uncritical to derive even a name in Greek mythology from an Egyptian source, but the discovery of the great influence of the Egyptianized Phœnicians upon archaic Greek art shows how some individual names and ideas may have found their way into the confusion of the Hellenic religion. Certainly, if such resemblances as those we have pointed out are to be rejected as untenable, we must exercise a more rigidly-severe method in the case of supposed resemblances in the Indo-European family of languages.

There are, however, examples of the connection of Indian and Greek mythology which are beyond doubt, and to this class and the inferences drawn from a consideration of them a large proportion of Mr. Max Müller's theories are due. It is no doubt disagreeable to those who still cling to the idea that the heroes of Homer must have had some personality, to be told that Achilles may be a solar hero (p. 502, note †), but there is no escaping the conclusion that he was mythical, and we may, therefore, be grateful that the task of investigating his origin has fallen to the poetical fancy of a Max Müller as well as to the dry analytic skill of a Gerhard. Others, though they fully admit the unhistorical character of much of what they had been taught to consider history, object not to the result but to the form that result takes. They complain that the dawn and the sun hold the chief place in Aryan mythology as thus explained. The only answer is that Mr. Max Müller gives, that it is to this result his researches have led him (p. 501), and we may add in confirmation that a very general characteristic of discoveries of this nature is their unexpected character. It may be also remarked that the sun holds a place in other mythologies scarcely, if at all, of inferior importance to that assigned to it in Aryan by Mr. Max Müller's researches. The Canaanite idolatry seems to have been nothing but sun-worship. In the ancient Egyptian, sun-worship occupies a central position as the leading characteristic of its cosmic element. Even the great truth of the future state was deeply interwoven with it, and the souls of the deceased were supposed to accompany the boat of the sun in a mystic journey through twelve hours of light and twelve of darkness.

Throughout our examination of Mr. Max Müller's work it has struck us that the author is too fond of sharply-defined systems; that the further he advances from the known to the unknown, the more strictly does he endeavour to square facts to a preconceived opinion. It is this that leads him to torture the Indo-European languages into some likeness to a supposed Turanian ancestor. It is this that leads him to claim for Sanskrit a degree of system, and especially of freedom from alien influences, that is fatal to the complete classification of its roots and derivatives. It is this that leads him to trace every fact and every name of Greek mythology to Sanskrit sources. In his eagerness to convince the reader, he is led to a variety of strong metaphors and doubtful analogies, as where he constantly compares the supposed earlier and later languages to geological formations; and in such passages as this,—“The whole crust of the earth is not made of lias, swarming with Ammonites and Plesiosauri, nor is all language made of Sanskrit, teeming with supines and paulo-pluperfects,”—he bewilders the reader into accepting a doubtful proposition. On the other hand, he has treated a difficult and dry subject with singular clearness and eloquence, in a work which, much as it will be controverted, will advance his reputation and enlarge the number of students of the new science of comparative philology.

MEMOIRS OF RICHARD WHATELY, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.*

JUDGING by one or two recent biographies, we think it would be well if the relatives of remarkable men were to exercise a sounder discretion than they seem to do in the choice or sanction of writers who undertake to record the career and character of those over whom the grave has closed. It is not that we wish the family themselves in each case to venture on a task to which they may be consciously unequal; it would be found, on the whole, that the best biographies have been composed by persons not connected with the subject of them through ties of close relationship. But if the desire of possessing a good portrait of a father or a brother prompts most people to seek out the painter who will do the most justice to the cherished features, though, perhaps, the picture will never be seen by any but the family, it can scarcely seem a less imperative duty to intrust to the most capable and faithful hands the responsibility of portraying an entire life and character, which everyone will have the opportunity, and many will feel a keen desire, to study and criticise. In the present case, we should have imagined that there had been within the circle of the Archbishop's family more than one individual with ability and affection adequate to the task of presenting a faithful portrait of Dr. Whately to the world; but even if this had not been the case, we fail to understand the confidence which could have allowed such an undertaking to fall into the hands of Mr. Fitzpatrick. We are naturally led to contrast the excellent discretion which intrusted Dean Stanley with the office he discharged so well of writing the life of Dr. Whately's cotemporary and admirer, Dr. Arnold, with the lamentable mistake committed by the Archbishop's family in suffering a flippant, careless, gossiping Irish justice of the peace to heap up a mass of anecdotes, puns, and tittle-tattle, with a few ill-digested and ill-told facts, under the title of “Memoirs of Archbishop Whately.” None of his enemies could have marred his fame so effectually as one who professes himself his friend.

What makes it more unfortunate is that Dr. Whately was just the man who needed a good life to be written of him when he was gone. While living he was always showing the unfavourable side of himself to others. The eccentricity of his manners, the obtrusiveness of his logic, his taste for snubbing, his morbid love of paradox, his peculiar—if not heterodox—views on certain points of religious doctrine could not but repel many who were brought in contact with him. Men who carried away from his presence the sting of a sarcasm, or the wound of a good joke made at their expense, could hardly be expected to dwell on the lofty benevolence, the large-hearted impartiality, the genuine piety, the faithful devotion to truth, which were the undoubted characteristics of the late Archbishop. His eccentricities were merely superficial; the qualities just spoken of were the very substance and fibre of his character. He could be as serious and thoughtful and reverential as anyone else when he saw fit; but he was too real, too natural a character to “act the Archbishop” when there was no occasion for pomp, or dress, or solemnity of manner. He loved a joke and he joked heartily,—just as he loved charity, and practised it to the extent of giving away £50,000 in less than thirty years,—just as he loved hospitality, and scarcely ever sat down to dinner without a guest at his table.

Now, if his biographer would but have dwelt a little less on—what everyone knew—the jocular side of Dr. Whately's mind, and have set forth—what many, perhaps, did not know—the sterling goodness of his character, and the more striking features of his intellect and his writings, he might have done real service in setting the Archbishop right with posterity. As it is, he has done exactly the opposite. To use his own words—“Leaving to professional critics the task of sounding the depths of Whately's pellucid intellect, we shall (in the belief that in doing so we best consult the reader's fancy) proceed to gather the sparkling bubbles which played upon the surface of his sagacity.” We would suggest to Mr. Fitzpatrick the greater probability of his having consulted his own rather than his readers' fancy in converting Dr. Whately's life into a sort of Joe Miller. His own style betrays an unhappy predisposition to the ridiculous and the coarse. Puns, alliterations, antitheses occur on nearly every page. He cannot tell of Whately's grief expressing itself in tears like those of a child at his wife's death without appending a note informing us of a “French dissertation on the beneficial influence of groaning and crying on the nervous system.” Yet his ignorance on common subjects is almost inconceivable. He talks of “Fellows of Oxford,” “Oxford Wranglers,” “the President of St. Alban's,” and many of his sentences argue a contempt for grammar which does not seem to spring from familiarity with it. He drags in a pun of Swift's only to display his ignorance of Latin by quoting Virgil's line, as follows:—

“Mantua ve miseræ ninium
Vicina Dremonæ,”

and compares the effect of Whately's “rough and ready words on the *tympani* (sic) of his hearers with that of the rattling of a cart laden with iron rods.” In this and many such passages we must ask Mr. Fitzpatrick to lend us some of his own powerful imagination to comprehend the images that have sprung from it.

Notwithstanding these startling defects, we could have said something good of Mr. Fitzpatrick, if he had only given us the

* Memoirs of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. By William John Fitzpatrick, J.P. London: Bentley.

plain facts of the Archbishop's life. Not a single circumstance narrated of his boyhood, except that he was at a school in Bristol, —a short and (absurdly) inaccurate account of his studies and successes at Oxford,—little or nothing about his parish life in Suffolk,—all this prepares us for finding no picture afterwards of what Whately was in his own home and among his family. That he would not have his children taught anything they did not understand, not even their prayers, is, we think, the only circumstance recorded that throws light on Whately in relation to his family. If we are not mistaken, the very names of his children are not given; of their existence we are only informed in a characteristic sentence, that "books and babes followed in rapid succession." Surely it would have been better for the author to have given his readers some information on these points than details about Archbishop Trench's family, or idle gossip as to individuals thought of for the post before the late Dean of Westminster was decided on.

"If the safety and welfare of the Protestant Church in Ireland depend in any degree on human instruments, none could be found in the whole empire so likely to maintain it as Whately," was the prediction of one who knew him well, made at the time of his elevation to the see of Dublin. This receives a partial confirmation even from the silly pages of his biographer. Mr. Fitzpatrick is a Roman Catholic, in a country where it is almost part of his religion to disparage, if not to detest, Protestants; and yet even he brings no charge against Whately of the least divergence from the strictest rule of impartiality. To anyone who knows the state of religious feeling in Ireland, such a line of conduct, steadily maintained through very trying times, and forming so powerful a contrast with the principles and behaviour of Whately's predecessor, Archbishop Magee (whose favourite distinction between the Protestants and Roman Catholics in Ireland was that the former had a religion without a Church, and the latter a Church without a religion), must seem to bespeak a high degree of justice, courage, and determination. Dr. Whately always kept on the best terms with the Roman Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Murray, for whom he entertained the highest respect. He not only refused to take part in the "Irish Church Missions" himself, but in one of his charges condemned the practice, sanctioned by more than one bishop, of offering clothes and food as an encouragement to proselytism. By his just and liberal conduct he found no difficulty in winning the co-operation of Archbishop Murray and the bulk of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in establishing the famous scheme of national education. He did not hesitate to encounter storms of unpopularity by the lack of encouragement he displayed towards converts from Romanism, as the case of Mr. Nolan shows, into which Mr. Fitzpatrick enters at great length. In these and many other ways—not to speak of his great labours and excellent advice on the Tithe question—Dr. Whately did more to bridge the gulf and soothe the animosity between Protestant and Catholic in Ireland than any officer of Church or State had done for centuries. To equal him in this respect appears to us the greatest possible ambition open to his successor.

We are not going to follow Mr. Fitzpatrick far into his gossip and his jokes. Our readers will not care to hear what the Archbishop's dog fetched at the sale, or how many long clay pipes he may have smoked in front of his house on St. Stephen's-green, or how at visitations he would beguile the tedium by cutting miniature boomerangs from card, and shooting them from his finger. Some, too, of the puns and conundrums attributed in these volumes to the Archbishop—as, e.g. the famous riddle about the desert and the sandwiches, the second and best half of which we have always heard ascribed to Mr. Shilleto—are, we suspect, merely facetiae gathered from various sources by Mr. Fitzpatrick, and jotted down in these memoirs to amuse the fancy of his readers. But there are, no doubt, among them some genuine specimens of Whately's humour, as when (in allusion to the Rev. Maurice Day, a popular preacher, and Morrow, the Mudie of Dublin) he said that the "ladies of Dublin ran to-day for a sermon and to-morrow for a novel," or when he addressed a recently-promoted clergyman somewhat given to obesity with this greeting, "Well, Mr. —, you are quite stout now: your people don't complain of their pulpit not being well filled." The following story is also new to us of Whately's having been invited by the King of the Belgians to dinner at Lacken; the Archbishop, fancying that he was invited only to be drawn out, remained throughout the evening taciturn and impassive. When about to leave, finding it was time to say something, he broke his long silence with the words: "Your Majesty has done infinite mischief to all the kingdoms of the earth!" Leopold smiled a ghastly smile, while some officious listeners with, as they thought, much tact, made an attempt to turn the conversation. "My reason," said the Archbishop, "for saying that your Majesty has done infinite mischief to all the kingdoms of the earth, is because you have taught your people the blessings of an elective monarchy."

And now we take leave of Mr. Fitzpatrick, with the hope that the next time he tries his hand at biography, he will select a personage about whom the world will be indifferent whether he represents him well or ill. He may not have meant to depreciate or distort Dr. Whately's character; but he will, we are convinced, effectually do so in the eyes of almost everyone who shall peruse these pages. How far he has compiled these memoirs at the instigation or with the aid of the Archbishop's family, does not clearly appear. We only trust that they will consider the life of their distinguished relative still unwritten; and that this miserable failure of Mr. Fitzpatrick's may serve to rouse some of those who,

like Bishop Hampden or Hinds, knew and valued Dr. Whately, to do justice to his memory hereafter by a faithful, accurate, and discriminating biography.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S LAST WORK.*

VERY mournful, yet at the same time very beautiful, is this last production of the strange, profound, sensitive, melancholy genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne—that true child of New England, half shadowed with Puritanism, half kindled with the light and glory of modern thought and feeling. It is mournful because it contains a picture, as true as it is sad, of the fading life, the slow petrification of an old man, long left behind by all his relatives excepting a little great-granddaughter; because it is a fragment of what can now never be completed; and because it was composed at a time when the author's health was failing, and when the hand of Death was visibly upon him. The fragment is preceded by an account of Hawthorne's last moments, written, we are inclined to think, by Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—in itself, a beautiful piece of composition, and deeply interesting. The author, who seems to be possessed of medical knowledge, says he called on Hawthorne late in the afternoon of the day before he left Boston on his last journey. He found him weak and shrunken, and considered his aspect, from a medical point of view, very unfavourable. He was gentle, and willing to answer questions, but seemed to have no hope of recovering his health. Depressed as he was, however, his conversational powers were as fine as ever, though, as usual, he showed that nervous coyness which was one of the most remarkable features of his character, "so that talking with him was almost like lovemaking, and his shy, beautiful soul had to be wooed from its bashful pudency like an unschooled maiden." His friend gave him a few hints as to his health, and prescribed "a not ungrateful sedative and cordial or two;" and then they parted, never to meet again. We are told that, notwithstanding his bad symptoms, there was nothing which gave warning of so extremely sudden an end. "It seems probable that he died by the gentlest of all modes of release—fainting—without the trouble and confusion of coming back to life; a way of ending liable to happen in any disease attended with much debility." It was on the 19th of last May, in the town of Plymouth, New Hampshire, that Hawthorne expired; and on the 23rd of the same month he was laid in the burial-ground of Concord, where he had long lived. His friend gives a touching description of the place and the occasion:—

"The day of his burial will always live in the memory of all who shared in its solemn, grateful duties. All the fair sights and sweet sounds of the opening season mingled their enchantments as if in homage to the dead master, who, as a lover of Nature and a student of life, had given such wealth of poetry to our New England home, and invested the stern outlines of Puritan character with the colours of romance. It was the bridal day of the season, perfect in light as if Heaven were looking on, perfect in air as if Nature herself were sighing for our loss. The orchards were all in fresh flower,—

'One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms;—'

the banks were literally blue with violets; the elms were putting out their tender leaves, just in that passing aspect which Raphael loved to pencil in the backgrounds of his holy pictures, not as yet printing deep shadows, but only mottling the sunshine at their feet. The birds were in full song; the pines were musical with the soft winds they sweetened. All was in faultless accord, and every heart was filled with the beauty that flooded the landscape."

The fragment now given to the world is so small a piece—such a mere stone from the edifice that would have been fairly wrought, had Time and Providence permitted—that we can form no conception of what the story would have been. But the sketch is perfect in itself. It is a sketch of an old man and a young child, marvellous for outline, for colouring, and for profound mental insight. "Dr." Dolliver is an aged apothecary, living in some New England town in the pre-revolutionary times (as it would seem), and carrying about with him, to the wonderment and awe of the younger generations, personal memories of the far-away Witch-times and the days of early Indian warfare with the settlers. He has had many descendants, but has outlived them all, save little Pansie, aged three years, who lives with him in a dull old house up a lane, with a prospect over the way of the churchyard where all their kinsfolk sleep. The subtle psychological analysis of the feeble old man's character as modified by the frost and mist of extreme age, is almost equalled by the singular pictorial power with which his personal appearance and his very clothes are brought before the reader's eye. In such descriptions as the following, externals themselves are made to expound the very recesses of the inner nature:—

"He crammed a great silver watch into his fob, and drew on a patchwork morning-gown of an ancient fashion. Its original material was said to have been the embroidered front of his own wedding waistcoat and the silken skirt of his wife's bridal attire, which his eldest granddaughter had taken from the carved chest of drawers, after poor Bessie, the beloved of his youth, had been half a century in the grave. Throughout many of the intervening years, as the garment got ragged, the spinsters of the old man's family had

* Pansie: a Fragment. The Last Literary Effort of Nathaniel Hawthorne. London: John Camden Hotten.

quilted their duty and affection into it in the shape of patches upon patches, rose-colour, crimson, blue, violet, and green, and then (as their hopes faded, and their life kept growing shadier, and their attire took a sombre hue) sober grey and great fragments of funereal black, until the Doctor could revive the memory of most things that had befallen him by looking at his patchwork gown, as it hung upon a chair. And now it was ragged again, and all the fingers that should have mended it were cold. It had an Eastern fragrance, too, a smell of drugs, strong-scented herbs, and spicy gums, gathered from the many potent infusions that had from time to time been spilt over it; so that, snuffing him afar off, you might have taken Dr. Dolliver for a mummy, and could hardly have been undeceived by his shrunken and torpid aspect, as he crept nearer."

We must find room for one more extract—a long one—in which, with a mixture of truth and fancy which is almost ghastly in its strange suggestiveness, Hawthorne speaks of the ancient apothecary's inability to believe himself really old, even while freezing beneath the touch of the unwelcome fact:—

"This weight of years had a perennial novelty for the poor sufferer. He never grew accustomed to it, but, long as he had now borne the fretful torpor of his waning life, and patient as he seemed, he still retained an inward consciousness that these stiffened shoulders, these quailing knees, this cloudiness of sight and brain, this confused forgetfulness of men and affairs, were troublesome accidents that did not really belong to him. He possibly cherished a half-recognised idea that they might pass away. Youth, however eclipsed for a season, is undoubtedly the proper, permanent, and genuine condition of man; and if we look closely into this dreary delusion of growing old, we shall find that it never absolutely succeeds in laying hold of our innermost convictions. A sombre garment, woven of life's unrealities, has muffled us from our true self, but within it smiles the young man whom we knew; the ashes of many perishable things have fallen upon our youthful fire, but beneath them lurk the seeds of inextinguishable flame. So powerful is this instinctive faith that men of simple modes of character are prone to antedate its consummation. And thus it happened with poor Grandsir Dolliver, who often awoke from an old man's fitful sleep with a sense that his senile predicament was but a dream of the past night; and hobbling hastily across the cold floor to the looking-glass, he would be grievously disappointed at beholding the white hair, the wrinkle and furrows, the ashen visage and bent form, the melancholy mask of Age, in which, as he now remembered, some strange and sad enchantment had involved him for years gone by!

"To other eyes than his own, however, the shrivelled old gentleman looked as if there were little hope of his throwing off this too artfully wrought disguise, until, at no distant day, his stooping figure should be straightened out, his hoary locks be smoothed over his brows, and his much-enduring bones be laid safely away, with a green coverlet spread over them, beside his Bessie, who doubtless would recognise her youthful companion in spite of his ugly garniture of decay. He longed to be gazed at by the loving eyes now closed; he shrank from the hard stare of them that loved him not. Walking the streets seldom and reluctantly, he felt a dreary impulse to elude the people's observation, as if with a sense that he had gone irrevocably out of fashion, and broken his connecting links with the net-work of human life; or else it was that nightmare feeling which we sometimes have in dreams, when we seem to find ourselves wandering through a crowded avenue, with the noonday sun upon us, in some wild extravagance of dress or nudity. He was conscious of estrangement from his townspeople, but did not always know how nor wherefore, nor why he should be thus groping through the twilight mist in solitude. If they spoke loudly to him, with cheery voices, the greeting translated itself faintly and mournfully to his ears; if they shook him by the hand, it was as if a thick, insensible glove absorbed the kindly pressure and the warmth. When little Pansie was the companion of his walk, her childish gaiety and freedom did not avail to bring him into closer relationship with men, but seemed to follow him into that region of indefinable remoteness, that dismal Fairy-land of aged fancy, into which Old Grandsir Dolliver had so strangely crept away."

We have here profound thought expressed in exquisitely translucent English. Alas, that the enchanter is removed from among us!

MR. CHRISTOPHER KATYDID (OF CASCONIA).*

THOUGH a great part of this story is as absurd and incoherent as if it had been written by a society of literary idiots, yet the work has its merits, and is not undeserving of perusal. Its readers must make up their minds to encounter numberless extravagancies, and to flounder among dreary swamps of dulness; but here and there they will find their trouble repaid by sudden discovery of a vein of humour, and they will occasionally be introduced to characters which can boast of some originality, and scenes which are new, at least to European eyes. It is a thoroughly trans-Atlantic tale, and the heroes and heroines whom it describes are refreshingly different from those of our native romance. They act and speak after a fashion which contrasts strongly with that to which we are accustomed, and their acquaintance, even if it does not prove attractive, at all events throws some light on a novel state of society and a singular phase of civilization. The story to which Mr. Katydid lends his name is as difficult to comprehend as that which "Manhattan" was good enough to inflict on the English public. In it, as well as in "Marion," a causeless bustle is perpetually kept up, the characters of its drama being whirled about apparently without any preconceived plan, until the spectator's

brain grows dizzy, and the scene becomes a wearisome jumble of absurdities. But the present work has merits which "Manhattan's" volumes could not boast, and is entirely free from the gross faults which rendered those libels on the society of New York unfit for publication. There is nothing exceptionable in the record of Casconian life, although it certainly contains a great deal of utter nonsense.

The scene is laid in one of the Southern States, probably in Alabama, and Mr. Christopher Katydid is a lawyer, who has very little to do with the story, to which he acts as sponsor. Its chief character, and the one for which the author deserves most credit, is a retired old sailor, Commodore Dashwood, who lives in a snug cottage on the shores of the Gulf of Casconia, and there educates his son James and his daughter Lily, aided in the task by his sister, a lady generally known as Mother Carey, and a humble friend, Tom Sykes. The last-named individual is one of the strangest personages in the book, for, in spite of his having been a lieutenant in the English navy, he appears to be totally uneducated, and utterly unable to pronounce any but the Cockney and Somersetshire dialects of his native tongue. The early years and the boyish amusements of young Dashwood are related in an amusing style, and so are his adventures at the University, to which he is afterwards sent, and at which he makes acquaintance with a Harry Harebrain, who eventually falls in love with Lily Dashwood. Meanwhile, Mr. Katydid wins the heart of the commodore by the ability he displays in a lawsuit which the old sailor, as president of the Model and Oligarchy Railroad Company, is carrying on against a Captain Snarl, and an intimacy arises between their families which results in the loss of two hearts, that of young Dashwood to Miss Katydid, and that of Tom Sykes to Miss Snarl. The lieutenant's courtship is described with a good deal of humour, though the barbarous jargon which he speaks renders his wooing all but unintelligible; but the complications which arise during the progress of the two love affairs, and the obstacles which impede the union of the couples affected, are too irrelevant and tedious to require further notice. Towards the end of the second volume, we find Lily Dashwood, having been made the victim of a conspiracy, on the point of marrying a French adventurer, a Count Ballet, although she detests his appearance and his character, declaring that, "in his dissipated wrinkles you see the trails of the slimy coils of vices that have fed on his morals and vitality." But she yields to her father's will, and moves towards the altar exclaiming, "My lacerated heart can bear all things now." A friend arrives at the last moment, and brings a sad account of her lover, Harry Harebrain, who has been thrown into prison on a false charge of having attempted her father's life. She only remarks that her soul and his have "crossed in mourning and affliction, dismal guests to damp life's gaiety;" and after one apparently fruitless request that some friend would "disentangle the terrible web of this venomous tarantula," is about to be sacrificed, when in rushes a lady, who turns out to be Count Ballet's wife, and that nobleman, being foiled in his attempt to commit bigamy, commits suicide instead. One of the bystanders has the presence of mind to propose on the spot to the widowed countess, and she promptly replies, "Some unpitying fate has made him what you see (pointing to her husband's body). Now I am alone indeed! but if you are willing to take me thus, I am yours." Young Dashwood seizes the opportunity to come to an explanation with Nelly Katydid. He had been engaged to her, but some of the Count's fellow-conspirators had estranged her from him. So serious had been the result that her father on one occasion was moved to exclaim to his wife, "Look, Mrs. Katydid, on your child. But yesterday that form and face were the laugh, bloom, and youth of morning incarnate! See what it is now—a blighted spring." This eloquence failed at the time to convince the match-making mother of her error in trying to make Nelly forget her lover, but the last pages of the book extricate the poor girl from all her troubles. The greatest absurdity of all is reserved for the end. Tom Sykes proves to be entitled to call himself an English peer, Lord Barrington by name. Fortunately for Miss Snarl, his new rank does not interfere with his old love, and he proceeds at once to make her a peeress. As a specimen of the noble lord's language, we may conclude with his remarks, on being told that he was growing thin,—"Ees, ees," sighed Tom, "love's done it hall. Hit burns the very life hout ov yer. Hit burns the bloom an' rose of a young 'oman's cheek into hashes in no time."

PERIODICALS.

A FEW Reviews, Magazines, and other periodicals, which arrived too late for notice last week, we here briefly dispose of.

The new number of *The North British Review* opens with an article on Wordsworth, in which the leading events of his life are sketched, and the chief features of his poetical genius critically examined with intelligent appreciation. The second paper is on Todleben's "History of the Crimean War," which the reviewer bids us remember is a work "inspired" by authority, and therefore to be received with caution, and which he describes as of unequal merit, having been "edited, not written, by the distinguished and eminently scientific soldier whose name adorns the title-page." A very fair estimate of Dr. Newman's "Apologia" follows. In the personal dispute which gave occasion for the work, the writer thinks both antagonists in the wrong, as respects the temper in which they conducted their quarrel; but he regards Mr. Kingsley as fundamentally right. In dealing with the work itself, he fully admits the honesty, good faith, and good

* Mr. Christopher Katydid (of Casconia). A Tale. Edited by Mark Heywood. Saunders & Otley.

intentions of Dr. Newman, but regrets the errors of faith into which he has fallen through "feminine refinement of taste, sensitiveness of imagination, proneness to superstition, distrust of the human intellect, and craving for a definite, authoritative settlement of points not ruled by the Word of God." In the essay on "Education at Public Schools"—founded, we need hardly say, on the Report of the Education Commissioners—we have a merciless exposure of the defects observable in the system prevailing at Eton, Rugby, Harrow, and other ancient establishments of the like kind. "Russia under Alexander II." is a very interesting account of the present state of that vast empire, the future of which the writer contemplates with mingled hope and fear—hope, on account of some excellent qualities exhibited by the people; and fear, by reason of the vicious system of government and religion established by the Czars. "The Scotch Lawyer of the Eighteenth Century" is curious and entertaining. The author of the paper on "Berkeley's Theory of Vision" discourses learnedly on the system established by the philosophical bishop, and condemns as unsatisfactory the adverse criticism of Mr. Thomas Abbott, contained in a volume which we recently reviewed; and in the concluding article, on Mr. Tennyson's last book of poems, we have a warm and fitting eulogium on the magnificent conceptions and language of "Enoch Arden."

The works reviewed in *The Eclectic* this month are the "Memoirs" and the "Miscellaneous Remains" of Dr. Whately; Edmond About's book on "Progress;" several volumes of minor poetry recently published; Mr. Charles Walker's "Three Months in an English Monastery," on which our own opinion was expressed many weeks ago; and some late utterances on political questions, which serve to bring out the Liberal and Protestant views of this old-established organ of Evangelical principles.

In *The Social Science Review*, Dr. Richardson has an interesting but painful paper on "Alcoholic Phthisis, or the Consumption of Drunkards," the facts in which are drawn from his own professional experience. The condition of "West End Milliners" is examined by Mr. J. N. Radcliffe, in an article full of statistical and other details, and of useful suggestions. A second chapter is given on "The Agricultural Capacity;" and "Among the Colliers" gives us a picture of the "black country" of Staffordshire. The *Review* seems to be getting more literary in its character; for in the present number we have an essay on the legendary Faust, and a short poem called "Fatherland."

The Victoria Magazine starts with an article on the new edition of Mr. G. W. Norman's pamphlet, entitled "An Examination of some Prevailing Opinions as to the Pressure of Taxation in this and other Countries," the reviewer of which agrees with Mr. Norman that the taxation of Great Britain, regarded with reference to the ability of the people to bear it, is lighter than that of any other considerable European country, and that, therefore, we are fully justified in going to any expense which may be necessary for the defence of the land, but adds that nevertheless the national expenditure has of late been growing more rapidly than the national wealth—a fact "suggesting other reflections than those of self-gratulation." The paper designated "A Poor Woman's Work" would have been better had it been longer and more full of facts: it refers to the Parochial Mission Women who, poor themselves, are helpers and comforters of those who are poorer still. "Three Days in Morganwg," "A Glance at Italy in the Renaissance of 1860," and "Reminiscences of India, by an Old Officer," are articles all more or less topographical, yet appealing to different tastes and interests; the last-named, indeed, is rather military than descriptive in its main features. Mr. John Plummer discourses of "Crime and its Prevention," a subject of which the public are getting rather tired, but which it is none the less necessary to keep constantly in view. "The Queen's Institute for the Training and Employment of Educated Women" is an account of an Industrial College for Women established in Dublin, from which, we doubt not, much may be expected. A new story of Australian aboriginal life is commenced under the title of "Among the Black Boys;" and Miss Elizabeth H. Mitchell tells in pleasant verse a pretty German legend about a monk and a water-sprite, which, however, in a slightly different form, has been related in verse before. The papers on "Social Science" and the "Literature of the Month" are so very meagre and unsatisfactory that we should say they would be better omitted.

We cannot particularize all the papers of interest to military and naval men in the third number of *The British Army and Navy Review*; but we would specially call attention to "The Breed of Horses and the British Army," "The Church in the Navy, A.D. 1864" (a very interesting account of the progress that has been made in religion and morality among our sailors during the last four years), "The Navy as it should be," and a singular romance of real life contained in a notice by Mr. James Grant of Private Thomas Keith, of the 78th Highlanders, who, in the early part of the present century, became Aga of the Mamelukes and Governor of Medina. We ought also to mention a very spirited poem called "Grant's Mine."

The Month—a literary organ of Roman Catholicism—is chiefly remarkable for a story by Cardinal Wiseman, entitled "The Ancient Saints of God," and the conclusion of Aubrey de Vere's "Literature in its Social Aspects." *The St. George's Illustrated Magazine* is remarkable for nothing in particular.

The Choir—a little publication devoted to the record of facts connected with the spread of church music and the criticism of remarkable pieces—has reached its forty-ninth monthly number. The psalms given in the September part are the "Sanctus" and the "Gloria in Excelsis," in E flat, composed by John Weldon. The periodical is full of interest for all lovers of sacred music.

Part XIX. of the reissue of Dr. Ure's *Dictionary of Chemistry*, edited by Mr. Henry Watts, carries the reader as far as "Leucic Acid." The work will be invaluable when completed.

THE SCIENTIFIC MONTHLIES.

The Geological Magazine, now in its third number, maintains the position established by its first issue. The articles are all good, and

prove that the editors do not insert papers indiscriminately, but make judicious selections. Dr. Duncan, distinguished by his researches among the fossil corals, gives an important paper, though one of a specially interesting character, upon the miocene beds of the islands of Antigua and Malta. In this he brings forward a considerable mass of evidence to prove that the mid-tertiary formations of these two countries are quite contemporaneous. It is strange to think that the rocks of two islands so immensely distant from each other should have been deposited at the same period of the world's history, yet such is the conclusion which has been drawn by Dr. Duncan from the characters of the rocks and fossils prevalent in both localities. The editor, Professor Rupert Jones, follows with a contribution, "On the Relationship of Certain West Indian and Maltese Strata," and herein he fully corroborates the evidence of Dr. Duncan, and from his own examination of certain *foramenifera* from Antigua and comparison of them with Maltese specimens, he expresses an opinion that there is a probable relationship of contemporaneity between the Maltese, Viennese, and West Indian areas. If the views of this geologist are correct, there is much reason for supposing that the speculations of the late E. Forbes regarding an enormous continent which once connected Ireland with Spain and North Africa were in the main well founded. Mr. Henry Woodward's article on *Eurypterus* tends to clear up our hitherto misty notions concerning the homologies of this crustacean, and fully bears out Professor Huxley's idea that the thoracic plate corresponds to that of *Limulus*. A new species of *Plicatula* is described and figured by Mr. S. P. Woodward, and Dr. Gunther gives an instructive account of a curious scaly fish from the lower chalk of Folkestone. The abstracts of foreign memoirs are carefully drawn out, and among the "reviews" we observe a well-merited censure passed on Mr. Taylor's "Geological Essays," which is characterised as "a bad imitation of Hugh Miller's writings, as full of errors as it well can be."

The present number of the *Intellectual Observer* is a good one. The opening article is on the "Anatomy of the Swan-mussel," and is written by a gentleman who has already made a name for himself in the comparative anatomy world—the Rev. W. Houghton. The Swan-mussel, which is a large bivalve some three inches long, is found lying in the mud of almost all our canals, but its structure has not been as well made out as one would be led to suppose. In the paper before us the writer gives a description of the various systems which constitute the soft parts of the mollusk, and adds some important original observations upon the microscopic appearances of a peculiar body found in the animal's stomach, and which is termed the "style." This is a whipcord-like mass of jelly, whose office is unknown to men of science. When examined under a high power (1-12th and 1-20th) several peculiar vibratile particles were seen in its substance. When the "style" is fresh these organisms may be seen shooting backwards and forwards in the jelly-like mass. Mr. Houghton considers them to be parasitic worms, but such a conclusion is at least premature. Mr. Newton's contribution on "Standard Gold and Silver Trial Plates," is a dull and hardly readable compilation; and is followed by one from Dr. Phipson, written in that gentleman's usual manner. This is upon the "Action of Santonine upon Vision." It is a curious fact, pointed out some time ago by Martini and Miahle, that when a dose of santonine has been taken, objects appear to the eye of a yellow colour. This phenomenon is explained by the latter chemist on the supposition that the alkaloid produces a development of biliary matter in the blood. Dr. Phipson's explanation that the coloured santonine infiltrates the vitreous humour, is more ingenious than probable. We hardly imagine that five grains of santonine could, when distributed through 18lb of blood, and several additional pounds of serous matter, produce a perceptibly yellow colour of any kind. Mr. S. Hibberd gives us a chatty paper on bees, which contains much that is true. There is also a very carefully executed analysis of the recent treatises on meteorology; and we quite concur in the writer's statement that "certain very enthusiastic gentlemen have brought ridicule" upon the subject by their over-zeal. "Anglo-Saxon Pottery" is a good but rather dogmatic article, and the note on Ross's new 1-12th inch objector will be found deserving the consideration of microscopists.

In the *Journal of Botany* we find a rather long, and, to general readers, uninteresting communication from Mr. Miers, upon "the genus *Villaresia*, with a description of a new species." The writer argues learnedly and laboriously to show that this genus of plants should be placed in the natural order Aquifoliaceæ (Honeysuckles), and not among the Olacaceæ, as the authors of the *Genera Plantarum* appear inclined to think. The essay is accompanied by a coloured plate, and the characters which seem to justify Mr. Miers' arrangement are, the insertion of the stamens outside the disk, the suspension of the ovules—which, by the way, possess a dorsal ridge—and the imbrication of the petals. Mr. Smith's paper on the construction of the flowers of the Cruciferae is both interesting and philosophical. He explains the presence of the imperfect receptacle upon which the odd stamens are supported in a manner to show that he has paid careful attention to the morphology of these plants. The translation of Dr. Braun's memoir on a revision of the genus *Najas* of Linnaeus, is valuable for purposes of reference; and the miscellaneous notes and reviews are of the usual character.

The Fisherman's Magazine, which, like the *Geological*, is still in its infancy, appears to be doing well. It ought to succeed in securing many subscribers among lovers of the "gentle art." This month's number commences with a short article from the editor's pen on the subject of the bull trout, of which a nicely and we think very accurately executed lithograph is given. Mr. Pennel gives the zoological character of the species in rather too general a style; but is correct in stating that the bull trout differs from its congeners in the possession of larger and stronger teeth, and more muscular fins. We consider the "chat on fishing, and where to go for it," to be of a slobbering character, and trust it may not be continued. There is a useful abstract of the "Salmon Fishery Amendment Bill," an instructive paper on "Open Fishing in the Highlands," and a very impartial review of Mr. Russel's last work on the salmon; these, with the "Notes and Queries," conclude the number.

The *Artizan* contains its usual proportion of interesting and instructive reading. The "Historical Sketch of the Mersey Docks" is continued, and is succeeded by Professor Williamson's admirable memoir upon the "New Method of Analysing Gases." Professor Graham's paper on "Silicic Acid," and Dr. Hofmann's on the Aniline Dyes, also form part of the contents of this month's issue.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

PROFESSIONAL pugilism, with other noble British institutions, is gradually making its way among the manners and customs of our neighbours the French. Along with race-horses, jockies, and stable boys some English bruisers appear to have found their way across the Channel, and now we may expect French "Tom and Jerries," and French "Pierce Egans," with "Boxiana," "The Noble Art of Self Defence," and a solid foundation of French pugilistic literature. We were in the generally quiet town of Calais a few days since, and our astonishment was certainly not small at finding the walls placarded with posters, and rudely-printed pamphlets in full circulation, setting forth the particulars of some great approaching excitement. Outside the wine-shops working men would "square up" to each other in true London street fashion, although with a certain awkwardness, as when women sometimes imitate the ruder playfulness of the stronger sex. Everybody, too, appeared to possess copies of the pamphlet in red. What could it be? A copy of the little book lying on the footway, which we happened to pick up shortly after, informed us on the printed cover in this wise:—"Par Permission de M. le Maire. Ville de Calais. Palais de Justice. ASSAUT DE BOXEURS. Le jeune Ben Caunt, le fils du fils de défunt le célèbre champion de l'Angleterre, prévient les habitants de Calais et de St. Pierre que sur la demande expresse d'un grand nombre de ses amis et compatriotes, résidant dans ces deux villes, il a consenti à organiser une grande Représentation, telle qu'on n'en a jamais vue à Calais. La lutte consistera en Assauts et Exercices de Bâton, de Bayonnette, de Sabre, de Savatte, et de Pugilat ou Boxe Anglaise. Il sera assisté du jeune Dooley, le champion de la ville de Douvres, qui luttera avec le champion de St. Pierre. Ben Caunt promet à ses amis qu'il fera tous ses efforts pour mériter la satisfaction et l'approbation du public, comme il l'a fait jusqu'à ce jour, ainsi qu'il en pourra fournir la preuve, par l'exhibition qu'il se propose de faire des glorieux trophées qu'il a remportés. La Soirée sera terminée par un Exercice de Ben Caunt et de Tho. Stone." The price of admission was one and two francs, and the building was crowded.

Mr. Spurgeon's recent "Sermon on Baptismal Regeneration" has produced a stout bundle of tracts in reply. Up to the present moment we have counted six-and-twenty of these brochures, varying in price from 1d. to 1s., although the former appears to be the favourite price with an evident view to wide circulation.

Tasso creeping out of a pawnbroker's shop would make a very pretty picture of the vain glories of this life, and of the emptiness of poetic glory. The auction-room often brings to light, in an old letter, or on the fly-leaf of an aged book, shreds of the true story, a lineament of the face without paint, or a bit of the time-honoured plate, lacking its former showy gilt. What a little lesson does this scrap from Paris teach us:—"A curious autograph of Tasso was sold to-day, which gives an insight into the poet's early struggles:—'I, the undersigned, acknowledge to have received from Abraham Levy, 25 livres, for which sum I have pledged a sword of my father's, six shirts, and two silver spoons.' The document bears the date of March 2, 1570, at which time Tasso was twenty-six.

The admirable sketch of the professional career of the late Mr. Robson, which recently appeared in the *Daily News*, is said to be from the pen of Mr. John Hollingshead, who was present on the first night of the deceased actor's performance at the then famous Grecian Saloon, in the City Road, some twenty years ago.

The paper-trade of France appears to be quite as unsettled as it is in this country. Since the alterations in the duty on the raw material the old machinery in both countries have found much difficulty in adapting its powers to the new rules and regulations. As in most innovations upon old customs, however, the result will be a private benefit, as well as a public one, when the paper-makers shall have become used to the new state of things. A well-informed correspondent in Paris writes:—"While a number of paper-manufacturers met lately in Paris to oppose the reduction of the duty on the export of rags, another assembly was held in a different quarter to adopt measures for the preservation of the same article, of which a great quantity is suffered to go to loss. Establishments have been formed for the collection, sorting, and washing rags, which, it is expected, will assume considerable importance. One of these establishments occupies at present 800 male and female workpeople. It appears from official returns, that while the rags suited for the manufacture of paper exported from France to England during the first six months of the present year amounted to 860,000f., the rags imported into France during the same period from Belgium, Algeria, and other countries are estimated at 938,000f. The works which are being constructed at Montmartre and at La Villette, for the preparation of rags for paper-makers' use, will lead to a more practical result than all the speeches made at the congress of paper-makers in favour of prohibition."

In our paragraph last week on the management of the manuscript department of the British Museum, "Sir" Frederick Madden should have been given instead of "Mr."

A very important work is in course of publication in Berlin—a description of the recent Prussian expedition to China and Japan, illustrated with chromo-lithographs from the original most curious drawings by native artists. These paintings of life and scenery in Japan are being reproduced by photo-lithography, under the super-

intendence of Mr. John W. Osborne, a native of Great Britain, but formerly head of a scientific department in Victoria, in which Australian colony this useful process was first discovered by him. Mr. Osborne came to England, but found it to his advantage to make Berlin the seat of his professional labours, where he is at present in the receipt of a salary from the Prussian Government. A short time since, it will be remembered, a claim was set up that Colonel Sir Henry James, of Southampton, was the original discoverer. We have not heard that any copies of the magnificent work on the East have reached this country for sale; and, as it is being issued under the auspices of the Prussian Government, it is probable that only a very limited number will be offered for sale.

The poverty of the late Père Enfantin, which has been very generally dwelt upon in the newspaper biographies as the invariable reward of great men who have laboured for social reform, is now said to be altogether mythical. He has left his son a sum of 450,000 f., and his valuable manuscripts he has bequeathed to the Library of the Arsenal.

The "Slang Dictionary, or the Vulgar Words, Street Phrases, and 'Fast' Expressions of High and Low Society," will be issued in a few days. It is said that many years have been devoted to the formation of this work, and that it will contain about 10,000 words and phrases in constant use amongst all classes of society, but which are given in no regular dictionary. The title further says "that many of the words have their etymology and a few their history traced."

Readers of newspapers in the North will have been somewhat startled on reading a paragraph, very similar to the following, which has been going the round of the Manchester and Scotch journals:—"It is rumoured in certain quarters that no less a lady than her Majesty the Queen is the authoress of 'Margaret Denzil,' in the *Cornhill*, and that the copy has been actually seen in the handwriting of Mr. Arthur Helps, with occasional touches from the royal finger. The same story has been attributed, and that in well-informed circles, to Mr. Wilkie Collins and Miss Thackeray." How amusing all this must have been to Mr. Charles Allston Collins, the actual author! The novel will be completed in October, when it will probably re-appear in the three volume or library form.

The descendant of the man who wrote the celebrated "La Marseillaise" has recently brought an action against M. Fétis, a Brussels journalist and first chaplain to the King of the Belgians, for having stated, in a recently-published work, that this popular "hymn" was not composed by his ancestor, M. Rouget de l'Isle. News of the progress of the suit has not yet reached us.

The *Printers' Register*, a recent publication devoted to trade interests, somewhat similar to the *Publishers' Circular*, has recently been offering prizes for the best essays on subjects connected with the history of the press. The first was gained by Mr. C. Gregory, a reader at Messrs. Petter & Galpin's, in Belle Sauvage-yard; and that having appeared, the second essay will be commenced forthwith. It is from the pen of Mr. H. Murphy, and its title is the "Rise, Progress, and Present Position of the Newspaper Press of Great Britain."

It is known that several Christmas volumes are already "on the stocks," but publishers have deemed it wise to withhold from the public any particulars of their titles.

As a sign of the dull state of the publishing trade, we may mention that in the last number of the *Bookseller*, only two announcements of books in preparation are made. Since the 31st ult., however, particulars of a few literary projects have appeared.

Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. now add to their former list (given in our "Gossip" a few weeks back) "Tuscan Sculptors, their Lives, Works, and Times, with Illustrations from Original Drawings and Photographs," by Chas. C. Perkins, in two volumes; "Rome Ancient and Mediæval, being a History of the City from its Foundation to the Sixteenth Century," by Thos. H. Dyer, author of the article on Rome in Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography;" "Last Winter in Rome and other Italian Cities," by C. R. Weld, with a portrait of "Stella," and engravings on wood; "The Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson—Essays Consolatory, Æsthetical, Moral, Social, and Domestic," being a selection from the contributions of A. K. H. B. to *Fraser's Magazine* and *Good Words*; "Explorations in South-West Africa," by Thos. Baines, with a map and illustrations; and other works.

Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co. will publish shortly "The Times' Bee-Master, his Bees and Beehives," a manual for all who keep, or wish to keep, bees, with illustrations.

Messrs. VIRTUE, BROTHERS, will shortly publish in a complete form Mr. Thomas Wright's "History of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art," forming a complete history of comic literature and art. The work is profusely illustrated with woodcuts.

Messrs. HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co. have just published a volume of poems by Mrs. Ann Stuart Thompson, an American lady, who resided for some time in England. The poems consist of short pieces of a simple and natural character, and show considerable power of poetical expression. A few are on religious subjects.

The *Englishwoman's Journal*, incorporated with the *Alexandra Magazine*, will henceforward be published by Messrs. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

Dr. Hugo Schramm has published a work on Roger Bacon, entitled "The 650th Anniversary of Roger Bacon's Birth (Zum 650sten Geburtsjahr Roger Bacons)."

M. Renan is, we hear, busily employed not only in writing the "Life of St. Paul," as was announced some time ago, but also the "Life of the Virgin Mary."

A second edition will shortly be published, by Dentu, of M. Cayla's work, "Le Diable sa Grandeur et sa Décadence."

"Voyage au Parnasse" is the title of a French translation just made, for the first time, of the celebrated work of Cervantes.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Archer (R.), *The Island Home*. New edit. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Balfour (Mrs.), *Troubled Waters*. 12mo., 1s.
 Bell (M.), *Deeds not Words*. New edit. 12mo., 1s.
 Bogatsky's *Golden Treasury*. New edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Burgh (N. P.), *Pocket Book of Practical Rules for Proportions of Modern Engines and Boilers*. 32mo., 4s. 6d.
 Church (A. H.), *Laboratory Guide for Students in Agricultural Chemistry*. Fcap. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Cobbin (I.), *Child's Commentator*. New edit. 16mo., 7s. 6d.
 Cumworth House, by the Author of "Caste." 3 vols. Fcap. 8vo., 31s. 6d.
 Full, True, and Particular Account of Great Exhibition, London, 1862 (in Lancashire Dialect). Fcap. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Goadby (E.), *The Newburys, their Opinions and Fortunes*. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Hall (Mrs. S. C.), *Lucky Penny, and other Tales*. New edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Hodgson (Rev. C.), *Missionary Portfolio for Young*. 12mo., 1s.
 Mannheimer (H.), *Study of German Simplified*. 3rd edit. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
 Prendergast (T.), *The Mastery of Languages*. Fcap. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship, Music by Turle. 16mo., 3s. 6d.
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 Short Catechism on Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, by E. A. T. 32mo., 1s. 6d.
 Stevens (A.), *History of Methodism*. Vol. II. Fcap. 8vo., 3s. 6d. 2 vols. in 1, 6s. 6d.
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 Surtees (L. F.), *Waifs and Strays of North Humber History*. Fcap., 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Tangled Talk: an Essayist's Holiday. Fcap. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Thomas (Annie), *The Cross of Honour*. 12mo., 2s.
 Whitfield (Rev. F.), *Gleanings from Scripture*. Fcap. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Williams & Lafront's *French and English Commercial Correspondence*. New edit. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
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 Simmond's *English Commercial Correspondence*. 12mo., 4s.
 Wilson (Rev. Dr.), *Sermons for the very Young on Book of Genesis*. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
 Wolley (J.), *Ootheca Wolleyana, Illustrated Catalogue of Birds' Eggs*. Part I. Imp. 8vo., 31s. 6d.

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This company is an extension of the Crédit Foncier (Limited) and of the Crédit Mobilier (Limited), which were established, the former for financial business in connection with land, the latter for general financial operations.

The unexampled success achieved by those companies, whose reports just published, show the amount of net profit, upon a paid-up capital amounting jointly to £100,000, to be at the rate of upwards of 100 per cent. per annum, and who have each declared a dividend and bonus of £2 per share on £5 paid for less than six months' working, besides carrying £40,000 to the reserve fund, and the enormous accession of business of both companies render it absolutely essential to increase the capital, and thus enlarge the basis of their operations.

With this view it has been determined to found the present powerful institution, which will absorb the two companies, and will take over the whole of their assets, including the united reserve fund, amounting to £40,000, and will also of course assume their engagements, and the directors believe that the increased means the issue of new capital will place in their hands will enable them to effect even greater results than have been already achieved.

The distribution of the shares will be made in the following manner, by which it will be seen that a liberal proportion has been appropriated for allotment amongst the general public.

10,000 shares will be issued to the shareholders of the Crédit Foncier (Limited) at par, in exchange for the like number of shares now held by them.
30,000 shares will (at their option) be allotted to the shareholders of the Crédit Foncier (Limited), being at the rate of three new shares for each share held in that company, which will be issued as follows—viz., two of such shares at a premium of £2. 13s. 4d. per share, and for every two shares so taken one additional share at par.
10,000 shares will be issued to the shareholders of the Crédit Mobilier (Limited), at par, in exchange for the like number of shares in that company now held by them.
30,000 shares will be allotted (at their option) to the shareholders of the Crédit Mobilier (Limited), being at the rate of three new shares for each share

held in that company, which will be issued as follows—viz., two of such shares at a premium of £2. 13s. 4d. per share, and for every two shares so taken one additional share at par.

20,000 shares will be issued to the public at a premium of £2. 13s. 4d. per share.

The total premiums on the above-mentioned shares will amount to £100,000, which, with the sum of £40,000 the amount of the reserve funds of the Crédit Foncier (Limited), and of the Crédit Mobilier (Limited), will be carried to the reserve fund of the amalgamated company, which will then amount to £200,000.

The amount to be called up, viz., £5 per share on the shares issued at a premium together with the £2. 13s. 4d. per share premium thereon, to be paid by the following instalments:—

On application, £1 per share to be carried to capital account.

On allotment, £2 per share, of which £1 to be carried to capital account and £1 to be carried to premium account.

10th December, £1. 13s. 4d. per share to be carried to premium account.

10th February, 1865, £1. 10s. per share to be carried to capital account.

10th April, 1865, £1. 10s. per share to be carried to capital account.

The amount to be called up, viz., £5 per share on the shares issued at par, to be paid as follows, viz:—

On application, £1 per share; on allotment, £1 per share; 10th February, 1865, £1. 10s. per share; 10th April, 1865, £1. 10s. per share; which will be carried to capital account.

But as all the shares will participate in the next dividend declared *pro rata*, according to the amount paid up, the valuable option has been reserved, enabling all the allottees to pay up the instalments immediately on allotment, or at any time in advance of their being due, up to £5 per share.

The total amount of paid up capital will be £500,000, and the reserve fund will amount to £200,000.

The following is a comparative statement of the estimated value of the under-mentioned shares as represented by the current prices on the Stock Exchange, viz:—

	Number of Shares.	Amount paid on each.	Premium per Share.	Equal to in Number of Shares £5 each.	Premium Equal to per £5 paid-up Share.	Amount of Reserve Fund.	Reserve Fund equal to per £5 Share.	Amount of Premium per Share after deducting amount per share in Reserved Fund.	Total average.
The London Financial Association	20,000	£. 15	£. s. d. 9 15 0	60,000	£. s. d. 3 5 0	£. 80,000	£. s. d. 16 0	£. s. d. 2 9 0 per £5 share. 3 16 6	
	20,000	10	9 5 0	40,000	4 12 6				
				100,000				6 5 6 average £3	
The International Financial Association	150,000	5	4 7 6	150,000	4 7 6	Estimated at 75,000	10 0	3 17 6	
The General Credit and Finance Company	250,000	4	2 17 6	200,000	3 9 0	Estimated at 200,000	1 0 0	2 9 0	
The Imperial Mercantile Credit Association (Amalgamated 2 months since.)	100,000	5	3 10 0	100,000	3 10 0			3 10 0	
									£3 4 0 Premium per Share.

It will thus be seen that the average value (as represented by the price of the shares) of the above-mentioned four companies is £3. 4s. premium per share, after deducting (if any) the reserve fund the price of issue of this Company's new shares to the public is £2. 13s. 4d. premium, from which, after deducting the amount of this Company's reserve fund, equal to £2 per share, leaves the share costing only 13s. 4d. premium against £3. 4s. premium, the average price of the four companies before referred to, leaving a bonus to the public of £2. 10s. 8d. per share; but taking the premium of the last-mentioned Company as the most analogous to this Company, it having been amalgamated only two months, it will be seen that their price of £3. 10s. per share (which is far below their intrinsic worth), added to the £2 premium in this Company's reserve fund, gives £5. 10s. per share, or £2. 16s. 8d. bonus on the price of issue.

The above prices are quoted as they are given in the Stock Exchange List, but it is generally admitted that they by no means represent the full value of the different shares quoted, the prices of which ought to, and will doubtless be, much higher.

Applications for shares may be made in the usual form, and must be accompanied by the payment of £1 per share. Should no allotment be made the amount will be returned forthwith without deduction. Should a less number be allotted than is applied for, the sum paid on account of such application will, so far as it will extend, be applied in payment of the sum due on allotment.

Copies of the Report of the Crédit Foncier (Limited) and the Crédit Mobilier (Limited), above referred to, with prospectuses of this Company, may be had on application to the bankers, solicitors, stockbrokers, or the secretary.

London, Sept. 1, 1864.

THE CREDIT FONCIER AND MOBILIER OF ENGLAND (Limited).

The following circular has been issued to the existing shareholders in the Crédit Foncier (Limited) and Crédit Mobilier (Limited):—

"Temporary Offices—80, Lombard-street, London, E.C., 5th September, 1864.

"SIR,—I am instructed by the directors to inform you that they have fixed Monday, the 12th instant, as the last day for receiving applications for shares under the privilege reserved to you as a shareholder in the Crédit Foncier (Limited), or in the Crédit Mobilier (Limited).

"All options not claimed before or on that day will be considered as renounced, and the shares not claimed will be allotted elsewhere.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant, ALFRED LOWE, Secretary (*pro tem.*)"